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The American Mercury

AMERICA'S PLAN FOR THE COLONIAL WORLD "Geneva"

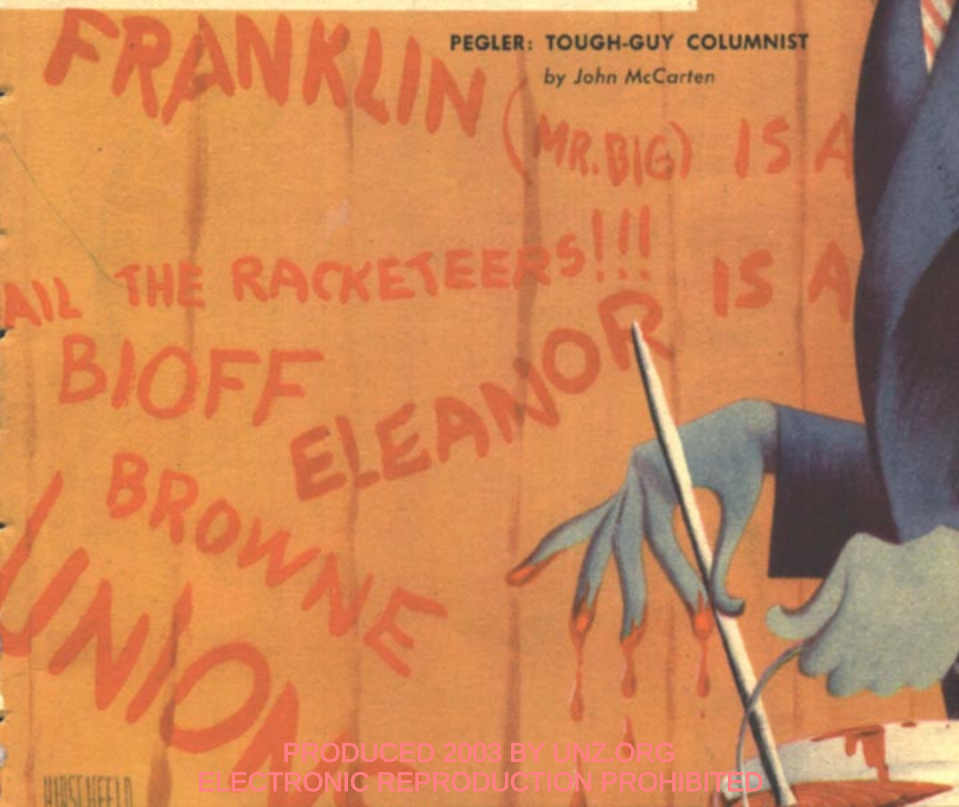
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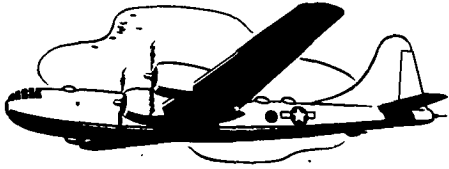
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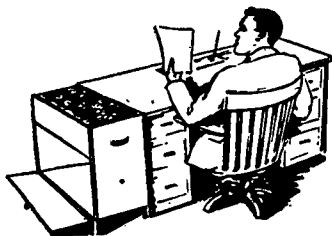
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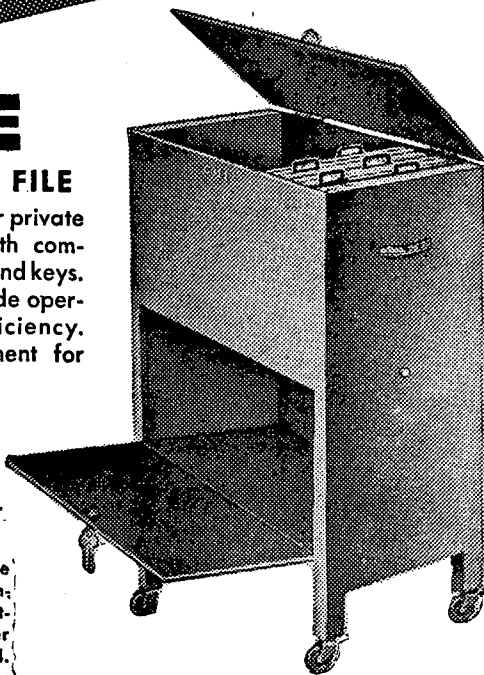
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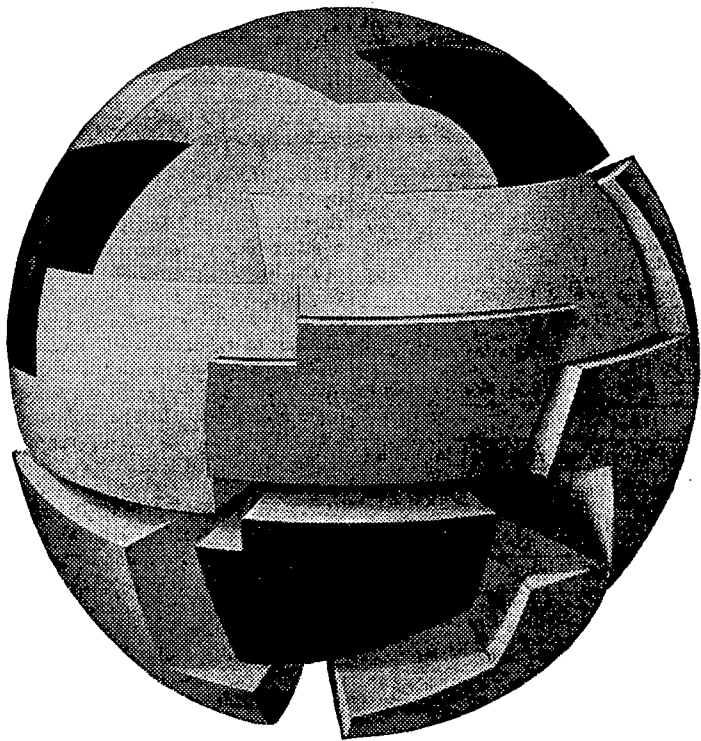
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THE UKRAINE: A SUBMERGED NATION, by William Henry Chamberlin. \$1.75. *Macmillan*. The highly respected authority on Eastern Europe presents a brief study of the Ukraine, home for thirty million people of one racial group, from the political, economic, and cultural points of view, and makes a plea for the freedom of the area: "A free Ukraine, no longer subject to political dictation from Moscow, united with other peoples of the Soviet Union only by voluntary bonds of mutual economic interest, is an indispensable element in a free Europe and in a free world."

NETHERLANDS INDIA, *A Study of Plural Economy*, by J. S. Furnivall. \$4.00. *Macmillan*. This is the American edition of a book published in England over five years ago. Written by an English colonial official, and carrying a flattering introduction by a former Governor-General of Netherlands India, this is a good workable reference volume on the history, geography, peoples and trade of that "girdle of emerald flung 'round the equator." The subjugation and exploitation of the natives is set back to the *dasein* of the early days of native princes and Moslem domination. The quinine, opium, rubber and other government-controlled cartels are touched upon; also the vast increase of the European Civil Service to the detriment of the Native Service.

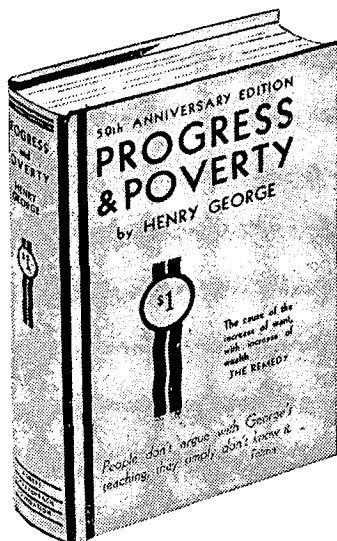
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The American MERCURY

AMERICA'S PLAN FOR THE COLONIAL WORLD

BY GENEVA

DUMBARTON OAKS did not consider the fate of some six hundred million subject people in the colonial empires in Africa, Asia and the Western Hemisphere. Most of these subject people are brown or black, underemployed, underpaid, undernourished, ill-clothed, uneducated, disfranchised and increasingly restless under the rule of privileged white oligarchies. Their articulate leaders look to the United States as the most powerful and the most idealistic nation in the world to help them in their fight for self-government and economic reform.

They look to us with some hope but with more skepticism. They are controlled by our Allies, and they have heard Allied promises before. They are lukewarm about the war because

they feel that the governments and leaders engaged in the war are lukewarm about them. They fear that the war will simply add new mandates and old Japanese and Italian colonies to the British and French Empires, and leave them essentially where they were before.

As far as the United States Government is concerned the skepticism of the colonial peoples is not justified. We mean well and this time we mean business. It is simply a question of whether our patience will last as long as our good intentions. We have not challenged the truculent imperialism of Churchill, the soft platitudes of Queen Wilhelmina or the touchy irredentism of De Gaulle because a war is going on and the military ex-

GENEVA is the pseudonym of a specialist in international affairs who has traveled widely in Europe and the Orient, but whose present relations with European governments will not permit him to write under his own name.

perts tell us that an outward show of unity is important in maintaining morale. When we come to the peace settlements it will be a different story.

Our State Department is developing a program of broad and humanitarian trusteeship which, if accepted by the great powers, will go a long way toward that freedom defined so eloquently by Wendell Willkie as "the orderly but scheduled abolition of the colonial system." We do not know how much of the program is acceptable to our Allies, but at this writing there are signs of co-operation and good faith as to part of the program in the next to the highest places in the British Government.

Any world-wide system for colonial control will naturally be a part of the organization planned at Dumbarton Oaks. It will probably be born at a later conference, a Colonial Table, where the representatives of the United Nations will sit down to discuss the control of dependent territories in the postwar world. This Colonial Table may be Table 3 in the sequence of major international parleys arising out of this war. Table 1, which began at Dumbarton Oaks, was concerned with the over-all world organization. Table 2 will probably be the Peace Settlement table for the major powers; and it might be a five-year head-ache. Table 3 may prove to be the most important of them all.

At this Colonial Table we shall confront three large empires, the British, the French and the Dutch; and three small ones, the Belgian, the Portu-

guese and the Spanish. The British Empire will overshadow them all because it is so large that it tends to set the standards for all the rest. In fact, if India is included, it is more important than all the other empires combined. (I assume that by the time we reach the Colonial Table the Japanese and Italian Empires will no longer exist because they will be in Allied hands.)

The population picture of these empires will look something like this — taking round, prewar figures, and including India, Burma and the Philippines, and all the League of Nations mandates:

British.....	440,343,000
French.....	70,259,000
Dutch.....	64,733,000
American.....	18,821,000
Belgian.....	14,131,000
Portuguese.....	10,380,000
Spanish.....	935,000

Over 2,000,000 of these 619,602,000 people are already living nominally under international trusteeship, since they belong to the mandated territories of Africa and Asia which were taken over by the League of Nations from Germany and Turkey at the end of the last war. They occupy a kind of no-man's land in the colonial areas of the world. So also do the people of India and Burma. I have counted India and Burma as parts of the colonial system, but the British decline to put them in this category because these countries have more democratic rights than the Crown Colonies have. To me this classification is a distinction without a differ-

ence as long as Great Britain maintains such iron control in both countries. It is on a par with the effort of British propagandists in this country to gloss over the difference between the subject colonies and the free dominions under the general euphemism "British Commonwealth of Nations," a bit of protective coloration which Churchill, with his robust candor, scorns.

II

What shall our attitude be at the Colonial Table toward these vast empires? The answer naturally begins with the Atlantic Charter, which declared in Principle Three that we would "respect the right of all people to choose the form of government under which they shall live." And the answer also begins with our own policy in handling dependent peoples.

Fortunately, on that score, our record is nothing to be ashamed of, in spite of the current reactionary attacks upon our record in Puerto Rico. We have no colonial office and almost no colonies. The dependencies which we do control have been very handsomely treated. By tradition our people have always been anti-colonial since the American Revolution freed us from the colonial system. Our anti-European and anti-colonial Monroe Doctrine helped to redeem the rest of the hemisphere from that system.

If at times we have oversimplified the problem of dealing with backward peoples, as the British believe, and our

policy of the rapid grant of independence has left many problems unsolved, there has been a certain fundamental rightness at the core of our attitude. We blundered into temporary and timid imperialism in that adolescent period of the Spanish-American War when we saved Cuba from Spanish rule and acquired the Philippines and Puerto Rico almost by accident; but when our orgy of militant philanthropy was over, we realized with some amazement and chagrin that neither the Filipinos nor the Puerto Ricans welcomed our "liberation." Since then we have tried to make up for our mistakes by promising the Philippines independence in 1946 and by offering Puerto Rico a plan for electing its own Governor. It is true that we indulged in a tactless venture in dollar diplomacy in Haiti and Nicaragua some years ago, but through our recent Good Neighbor policy in Latin America we have almost effaced the memory of the invading marine.

We have the right to speak out boldly for our own international standards at the Colonial Table because we are the outstanding example in modern times of a power that has triumphed on the field of battle without claiming the spoils of victory. We did not keep an inch of territory acquired by conquest in the last war, and we do not intend to keep an inch for ourselves in this one.

But although our record will entitle us to moral leadership at the Colonial Table, we will make a great

mistake if we assume that all the decency is on our side and all the tyranny is concentrated in the cold hearts of European diplomats. Europe is not united in its imperialism. Progressive forces are making profound changes in the traditional attitudes of nearly all European peoples.

Take British opinion, for example. When Winston Churchill declared in his Mansion House speech that "we mean to hold our own. I have not become the King's first Minister in order to preside over the liquidation of the British Empire," he was expressing the irritation of an imperialist on the defensive, stung by repeated criticisms of the colonial system not only in the United States but in his own country. He spoke for a nation facing desperate postwar poverty, a nation which sees in its colonies the only hope of staving off economic ruin. He did not express the new colonial idealism which is finding support in the British Labor Party, the Liberal Party and even in some sections of the Conservative Party.

Churchill's Secretary of State for the Colonies, Colonel Stanley, has suggested regional commissions for "consultation and collaboration," designed to promote the well-being of the colonies and including in their membership both colonial and non-colonial powers having interests in each region. Stanley has proposed rather vaguely that the native peoples should have "an opportunity to be associated" with these commissions. The Dutch and French Governments

will probably accept the British minimum. The Russian attitude is unknown, but there is no evidence that Stalin will openly challenge the new regional arrangements unless Britain and the United States decide to challenge his rearrangement of the map of Eastern Europe.

III

The new world control-unit for colonies which is now taking shape in Washington and London discussions may begin with the controversial record of the Permanent Mandates Commission created by the League of Nations at the end of the last war for the former German and Turkish colonies. As a precedent this Commission's record is more instructive than inspiring, but we cannot afford to be critical because our absence was a major cause of its weakness. Although the United States never appointed any of the eleven members of that Commission, nor participated in its deliberations, because our Senate refused to ratify the Treaty of Versailles, we did sanction the temporary trusteeship by making independent treaties with the mandated units.

The new world colonial plan will probably include an International Commission as trustee either for all colonies in the world or for the two limited classes of colonies taken by the victors in World War I and World War II. This Commission will serve as an agent of the United Nations, subject directly to the Security Council or to

the General Assembly proposed at Dumbarton Oaks. Beneath it in the new set-up will be Regional Commissions for every colonial area of the world, composed of both colonial and neighboring non-colonial powers. Beneath these Regional Commissions will be the colonial agencies of the individual nations assigned to administer each territory. It is generally agreed that single-nation rule at the local administrative level is absolutely necessary to avoid multi-national confusion.

The imperial world will probably be divided into seven and possibly eight regions: three in Africa (East, West and Northeast), two or three in the Pacific (Southeast Asia, South Pacific, North Pacific) and one in the Caribbean. It is almost certain that the United States, because of its moral prestige and its security interests in both oceans will be asked to serve on the Caribbean, West African, North and South Pacific, and possibly the Southeast Asia Commissions.

No matter how much we suspect that Europe wants our participation in this scheme to camouflage established tyrannies, we cannot refuse to serve unless it is apparent at the outset that the whole scheme is doomed by bad faith. Isolationism now means defeat for us and our fighting men in this war, and bitter defeat for the subject peoples who look to us for justice. This time, if there is any prospect whatever of success, we must go in with our eyes open, guarding against the traps of the skillful obscurantists

who make a profession of ruling subject peoples.

We have recognized the need of international co-operation in colonial development by participating in the past two years in the one Regional Commission which is being hailed everywhere as the prototype of colonial commissions after the war, the Anglo-American Caribbean Commission. And we have not burned our fingers. On the contrary, our participation in that Commission has been significant and useful for ourselves and for the native peoples of the area.

But our experience in the Anglo-American Caribbean Commission will not in itself be enough to guide us to a new world policy. The Commission has been experimental and advisory, and the world needs, in addition, agencies of international trusteeship with teeth. We will not secure an effective system of trusteeship at the Colonial Table unless we stand boldly and persistently for a minimum American program. We believe that such a program should include the five following political principles:

1. *There must be genuine representation of the dependent peoples themselves both at the Colonial Table and in the membership of the International and Regional Commissions.*

There has been very little of such representation in the past. The powers always presume to speak for their subjects. Sometimes they have no other alternative. Sometimes a colonial governor who says that his people are not ready for any kind of self-

government is actually speaking the truth. Perhaps the soundest general formula for representation would be an elastic one: Wherever an opposition political or labor movement exists in a colony, based on democratic principles, and has won the allegiance of a considerable proportion of the people, the chief opposition leader should be one of the representatives of that colony in international conferences, at least in an advisory capacity.

Most colonial governors would oppose such a policy vigorously. It has long been one of their favorite maneuvers to choose a pliant politician from the native population, hang a royal decoration around his neck, and call him a leader of the people.

2. *The new International Commission must have jurisdiction over the whole colonial world, including the established older colonies as well as the newly acquired dependencies of Japan and Italy, and the mandated territories inherited from the last war.*

On this point sharp differences of opinion may exist even in the American delegations, and there is danger of a weak compromise solution. The British, Dutch and French will want their established colonial systems left alone as much as possible and they are likely to suggest that real international supervision should be confined to the former mandates of the League of Nations and to the newly acquired former colonies of Italy and Japan (Italian Libya, Italian East Africa and the Japanese islands of the Pacific). There is no reason why the principle

of international trusteeship should be confined to the war-acquired territories, except for the bad historical precedent of the Mandates Commission. Imperialism is imperialism whether it is old or new, and the daily routine violence necessary to maintain old tyrannies is almost as inexcusable as new aggression.

Moreover, to limit the principle of trusteeship to a few newly acquired territories will prevent the establishment of a world-wide *system* of trusteeship with recognized minimum standards of supervision. A limited system will allow a colonial power to play off especially favored possessions against international wards to the detriment of the wards. However, when we advocate the imposition of one system of trusteeship upon *all* colonies we must watch carefully for some imperialist legerdemain. Our motive for desiring extensive international authority is perfectly sound; we wish to lift all mandates and all colonies, new and old, to the level of self-government as rapidly as possible. But many advocates of the *status quo* will favor extensive rather than limited international trusteeship for exactly the opposite reason. They know that some gesture toward internationalism is unavoidable and they believe that by inviting practically the whole world into Regional Commissions, they can make those commissions purely advisory and consultative bodies which will not seriously interfere with colonial business-as-usual.

Some British statesmen are now

using the word "partnership" in describing the ideal relationship of the mother country to the colonies in preference to the word "trusteeship." It is likely to be a 50-50-one-horse-and-one-rabbit affair in practice. Partnerships within an empire implies no supervision by or responsibility to a world authority. It is this type of diplomatic double-talk which we must scrutinize with the greatest care.

3. *The Regional Commissions must have affirmative powers to investigate every important colonial situation on the spot, and the International Commission must have ultimate reserve power to take away any colony from its administering power if that power fails to enforce minimum international standards.*

The Permanent Mandates Commission failed because it had only negative powers and because it required unanimous approval for any affirmative act. The members of the Commission sat and waited for annual reports, and the reports came through the very government agencies which were supposed to receive critical supervision. The natives were not allowed to come near the Commission and some powers even objected when questionnaires were sent around to various colonies by the Commission.

Some mandate powers openly deceived the Commission and on one occasion South Africa sent bombing planes over its mandated territory to collect a dog tax from black men who had no money. The Japs, who were supposed to report their chief activi-

ties in mandated Pacific islands to the Commission, concealed important facts about migration and indentured labor, and finally built a whole system of illegal military fortifications in defiance of their pledges, while the Commission was powerless even to visit the islands!

As a last resort, in the case of the repetition of such conduct, an International Commission should have the power to transfer administrative control of a colony to another power. If, for example, the Franco Government should continue to use its African island of Fernando Po as a center for slave-trading in members of neighboring tribes, as it is doing today, and Franco professed inability to prevent the traffic, as he doubtless would, an International Commission should have the right to step in and kick Franco, or any similar offender, out.

4. *The preparation for and the progress toward self-government should come within the reviewing power of Regional Commissions, and regular reports should be rendered concerning positive steps toward democracy.*

This will be the final test of Europe's co-operation with the United States, and it is the one most likely to be rejected by the European powers. The British, particularly, resent our emphasis upon political reforms. They squirmed when Wendell Willkie insisted upon a time table for colonial freedom and the suggestion was greeted with wild enthusiasm from Burma to Trinidad.

"There is a tendency," warned

Colonel Oliver Stanley, Secretary of State for Colonies in a 1943 speech, "here and abroad to judge our sincerity and measure our success by the test of political evolution alone." While there is a measure of truth in the implied criticism, more can be said on the other side. Americans are critical of political oppression partly because it is a result of both economic and cultural neglect. In Africa, for example, the British use the Negro's ignorance as a reason for denying him democratic institutions, but the British are largely responsible for the native's ignorance because they have brought schools to less than 20 per cent of their African subjects.

Under an international trusteeship the natives should not be compelled to wring every new advance in education, civil rights and self-government from a reluctant home government. The pressure should come from within the international community.

5. *No government which legalizes racial discrimination as part of its administrative procedure should be permitted to administer any colonies.*

This is meant for South Africa, which is already a mandate power and is trying to spread its appalling policy of racial discrimination northward to the very heart of Africa. Under that policy, which is frozen on the statute books, wages, education and the very right to lie down at night are entirely contingent upon the color of a man's skin.

It may be considered an act of effrontery for a nation which includes

Mississippi in its hegemony to insist upon racial decency in colonial administration, but if we sanction the official discrimination of South Africa in international affairs, we may as well start preparation for continuous war in Africa and Asia. If the issue is not joined now, it will return to plague us with worse crimes. Already the South African racial bigots are trying to extend their policy to the colored majority in Southern Rhodesia and they will attempt the same development in Northern Rhodesia, Tanganyika and Kenya. The British Colonial Office is inclined to fight them, and with our help they can be beaten.

These political requisites for a colonial new deal are only half the story. The other half is economic. Hungry natives cannot eat constitutions, and frequently new constitutions do not bring any substantial improvements without economic reform. The redistribution of political power in the world's colonial system will be of little use unless there is a serious effort to redistribute work and wealth also.

While the whole scheme of Dumbarton Oaks is threatened with premature extinction by European power politics, no honest and informed person can feel confident that either the political or the economic aims of our colonial diplomacy will be achieved. But the goal of a self-governing world is more than worth fighting for, and the moral support of six hundred million people should provide all the necessary inspiration.

SHIP WORKERS IN THE NORTHWEST

BY AL LAKE

PLANS for postwar employment offered by business, civic groups, politicians, Government officials, and shipbuilding moguls leave the workers in the Northwest shipyards absolutely cold. They believe they face from two to four years of unemployment, soaring prices, housing shortages, wage reductions and strikes.

Badgered and hounded since 1941 by movie stars, all sorts of super-salesmen, professional pepper-uppers and propagandists of every variety, workers long ago learned to shrug off the frothings of these gentry. They have also wearied of the drivel of housing authorities, U. S. Employment Service spokesmen, Army and Navy big shots and Government bureau heads.

Since last November, these workers have gone their own sweet way about their jobs, largely ignoring the pleadings and admonitions of the bosses; asking only to be left alone to dawdle through their days. On the job they loaf, get drunk and potter along just as they wish, actually defying Management to fire them.

Management, itself, is ill. Weary of perpetual changes in ships' plans, bored with promises that are seldom fulfilled, at the mercy of the unions, forced to employ any man or woman who has at least one hand and one leg; stuck with incompetents by the manpower freeze, Management looks on postwar optimism with a jaundiced eye.

And, because these things are so, far more than because of any manpower shortage, production is down a good 25 per cent.

The bright side of the workers' picture is the hope of unemployment compensation for a period long enough to permit them to adjust *themselves*. For Management, the thin light in the darkness is that it won't be long before it can rid itself of 60 per cent of its workers forever. With the other remaining 40 per cent, Management hopes to struggle through into the full sunlight — in about four years — if all goes well.

Says Management: "We don't know what's going to happen."

Says Labor: "We're in for the

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toughest years we've ever faced."

A picture of conditions in Northwest shipyards today may be indicative of what to expect if these workers are correct in their prediction for the immediate postwar future.

II

Foremen and superintendents in maritime and Navy shipbuilding plants have given up hope of inspiring workers to any real interest in their work. Loafing has become an established custom. Thousands of men and women lurk idly in hulls; hundreds sleep through entire shifts in out-of-the-way places. Crap games, particularly on night shifts, are numerous in every shipyard.

It was eleven o'clock at night, and a drizzle of rain made the unfinished hulls on the ways glisten darkly. In a small room off the carpenter shop in a Portland iron and steel firm a six-foot bench was placed upside down atop a low table. The inverted bench with its notched legs made a trough four inches deep and a foot wide. At one end of the trough lay a jumble of five, ten and twenty dollar bills. At the other end the white spots on two red dice read "seven." A natural had just netted a welding foreman a hundred and eighty bucks.

"Let her ride," the foreman said, and picked up the dice. He shook them close to his ear.

Green money showered down on the pile of bills. A burner leadman took fifty dollars. A carpenter fore-

man took sixty. Eight workmen covered the rest of the bet.

"Three-hundred and sixty berries," said the welding foreman, and rolled the dice down the trough. They spun across the trough, rattled against the opposite side board and came to rest. The white spots read "eleven."

"Three weeks' pay," grinned the welding foreman as he scooped up the bills. He picked a twenty from the fistful of money, stuffed the rest into a hip pocket, threw the twenty into the trough and said:

"Who wants it?"

A door opened, and a gust of wind shifted the twenty along the trough with a movement like a flounder. A superintendent, water dripping from his helmet, kicked the door shut behind him.

"Goddam it," he said, "you gotta break this up."

"Okay. Okay," said the welding foreman, and rolled the dice between his palms.

"Who wants the twenty?"

One of the workers edged toward the door. The burner leadman threw two tens beside the twenty.

"Roll 'em out," he said.

The dice scampered along the trough. The superintendent opened the door, started out into the night, turned and said: "For Christ's sake, give a guy a break."

"Okay, okay," said the welding foreman.

One of the workers followed the superintendent out. When the door had closed, the welding foreman said:

"Lucky I dragged down. Look, snake eyes!" He fumbled in his pocket for more money. "To hell with the supe," he said, "we're frozen. If he cans any of you guys tomorrow, the unions'll send you back to work the next day."

"To hell with coming back," a worker said, "all I want is my clearance."

"Well, you won't get one," the welding foreman told him. "Anyway, he won't fire anybody."

III

Few shipbuilding records have been made since the job-freeze went into effect. Discouragement rides everyone, from officials all the way down the line. Few workers believe the ships they are now building are necessary to the war effort. Practically everyone thinks that contracts for ships will be cancelled right and left within a month after V-Day.

Eleven men and three women in one of the largest maritime yards in the country sat on top of an immense pile of heavy pipe. A woman with a bright red bandana tied around her head said:

"Gimme a drag of your cigarette, Shorty." She drew in a lungful of smoke, and blew it out through pursed lips. She nodded toward the hulls on the ways. "I hear they're going to take 'em all out an' sink 'em in the ocean as soon as Germany folds up."

"There's a returned Navy guy in my gang," said a welder, "and he says

there's so many ships in the Pacific that they're in each other's way. Always bumping into each other and shooting each other up. They took hundreds of these ships out and sank them in the ocean after the last war."

"I sure feel useless," commented the woman. "You want this butt back, Shorty?"

"Anyway," an electrician added, "I hope we keep on building them. I ain't saved a nickel. I don't want to wish the soldiers any bad luck, but if the war lasted another year . . ."

"Nuts to you, rat," the woman replied, "if you worked forever, you wouldn't save a dollar. They should keep the war going so bums like you can play the dog races!"

"If the war ends by Christmas — I mean in Europe," a leadman broke in, "every damn' one of us will be on unemployment compensation by February. I know for a fact that all Navy contracts in this area will be cancelled the month after V-Day. I got it straight," he shouted emphatically. "The Boilermakers' Union has made all its plans for an 80 per cent lay-off in February if the Nazis quit this year. I was in the Boilermakers' when a call came in from the big shot in Kansas City, and I heard the officials talking afterwards. They figure on only 12,000 boilermakers in this whole area thirty days after Germany quits. We got 45,000 in the local now. That means 33,000 of us are going to get pitched out."

"They could get along without a lot of us right now," the woman

agreed. "I ain't done a tap of work for three weeks."

"Yeah," said the leadman, getting to his feet. "It's just twenty minutes till the noon whistle. I'm going to start edging toward the lunch pail."

The woman watched the leadman pick his way to the end of the pipe pile and let himself down to the ground. "That heel is right," she observed, "a guy in the U. S. Employment Office told me on the level that they figured there'd be only 8,000 boilermakers working in this area a month after V-Day. Somebody gimme another drag before I go eat."

IV

Workers as a whole are for Roosevelt, not because they particularly love him or agree with his policies, but because, of all the nation's spokesmen, he is the only one in whose statements they have faith. Suspicion of military and governmental pronouncements came with Pearl Harbor, developing into downright disbelief as returned veterans infiltrated the war plants with stories from the battle fronts very much at variance with official communiqués.

Three welders squatted in a hull at another big yard, waiting for a burner to come and cut off a three-inch length of three-eighth-inch steel. Any one of the welders could have made the cut in five minutes. But the Boilermakers' Union says "No," and the three had half an hour to talk things over. Said the tall welder:

"The Secretary of the Navy says we got a year's work ahead."

The short welder nodded. "Might be true."

The third welder bent his welding rod into a circle, and tossed it into a corner. "We'll get the work if the war gets tougher, but if the war eases up, they'll cut us off at the pockets."

"Yeah," the tall welder muttered, "those racketeers promise us anything. Here we sit on our fannies waiting for a burner, and Management screaming for more men. Claims there's a manpower shortage."

"I know," agreed Shorty, "if a shipyard stops yelling for men, the U. S. Employment Service'll give 'em a lower manpower priority rating, so all the yards are hollering for more help. I wish I knew if this job is going to last."

The third welder spat on the deck and rubbed the spittle with his sole. "I don't believe a damn' thing anybody says. I won't believe anything until I hear Roosevelt say it. He's smart. He lets the other guys do his lying for him. He sticks pretty close to the truth, himself."

The tall welder got to his feet. "Yeah, Roosevelt's a smart hombre — maybe he'll save us, yet."

V

The tens of thousands of workers who are looking forward to going on unemployment compensation are worried. They believe that when the Government conducted the manpower registration

early in the war, it put over a fast one on them.

VI

Five out-of-work men lounged in the downtown employment office of another Portland shipyard. The unshaven one in the dirty gray hat was the first to speak:

"Where we all made our mistake was in listing so many jobs we could do when we registered back there in '42. Me, I listed every damn' kind of job I'd ever worked on. Now when I go on unemployment money after Germany blows up, all they got to do is look up that registration blank, an' so help me, they can make me take sixteen different jobs. If I'd just listed one or two . . ."

"Ain't no chance of staying on unemployment money very long, anyway," the man with the loose false teeth interrupted. "They tell me Oregon's only got about 61 million unemployment dollars in the fund, and with sixty or seventy thousand men and women drawing dough out of it, it won't last more'n a few months. Then what'll they do?"

"They can't make you take a job you never worked at," a fat man declared. "They gotta give you a job in your own line."

"Says you," grinned the employment manager. He broke a piece off a cigar, tucked it in his cheek and began to chew serenely.

The fat man pushed back his chair and got to his feet.

"They thought of everything," he remarked bitterly.

Conscientious workers today are, generally speaking, those with sons or relatives in the services, old-time mechanics who own their own homes, and the few migratory workers who have saved some money. These workers, amounting to about 40 per cent of shipyard personnel, think that Management could, if it would, do something about low morale.

Enoch Lewis had two sons in the Navy. He got the idea that if Management would explain things to the men, perhaps morale might be rebuilt. Clad in dirty, blue overalls, his glasses slightly askew on his pinched nose, he walked into an executive's office one morning and spoke his piece:

"I been thinking that most of the trouble in this yard is that the workers don't know what's in the wind. They're upset and uncertain. They got the jitters. If Management would only let them in on what's happening, and what's going to happen, maybe they'd feel better."

"I've been thinking the same thing, Lewis," the executive admitted. "If I knew what is happening, and what might happen, I'd sure as hell tell the men. But I don't know a damn' bit more than they do. I don't know if we'll be building ships tomorrow — let alone a month from now. I don't know if we're going to whip Germany this year, or when. I don't know whether we need the ships we're building. And I don't think anyone knows. We could let a

lot of men go home to their farms and businesses if we were certain about anything. We may need these men badly if things go wrong in Europe or in the Pacific. We just have to hold on to them. As for morale, there won't be much morale until workers are standing outside the fences begging for jobs — and that *could* be soon."

VII

It is estimated that whistle-jumping in the Portland-Vancouver Area costs the war effort 50,000 man-hours a day. At least 40 per cent of shipyard employees stop work about a quarter of an hour before the lunch and quitting whistles blow. Unions consider this "early quitting" a privilege for which they have fought. Management has long since ceased trying to stop it.

It was ten minutes before quitting time in another of the large Portland shipyards. A line, hundreds of workers long, had already formed before the exit gate. Men and women laughed and skylarked. Said a welder to a rigger standing right in front of him:

"Boy, am I tired! Been at it all day."

"They keep us busy sometimes," the rigger commented. "Where you work?"

"On a slab. But today I been on a 'Government project.' Worked on a car for a guy. Welded on a trailer hitch. The guy's going to go hunting or something, I guess."

The rigger laughed. "I don't get much of that stuff."

"I get plenty of it," the welder remarked. "Seems those private jobs are about half of what I get to do."

"Funny thing to call 'em — Government projects."

"That's because they get priority over all other work. 'Drop everything,' says the boss, 'and fix up Bill's car.'"

"Look," said the rigger, "I don't get much of a crack at them things. Maybe you can help me. You know them copper ashtrays they make in the pipe shop?"

"Sure. I got some."

"Can you fix it so I can get one?"

"Why not?"

"Swell. Some guy in the machine shop made my partner a peach of a hunting knife. Cripes, it's a honey! Brass handle. You sure you can get me one of them ashtrays?"

"What you got to trade?"

"Gosh, I dunno. I don't get much chance to do anything on that damned cherry-picker. How about a pint?"

"For a pint, brother, I can get you a solid copper desk lamp. There's a guy . . . There she blows!"

With the sound of the quitting whistle, gates opened. War work was over for one shift for another day.

VIII

Labor leaders in the Northwest believe they know what's going to happen to workers following Germany's collapse. None will talk for publication, but when

the wine is in, and the listeners are congenial, there is talk a-plenty.

Nine Portland, Oregon, union officials sat relaxed in the smoking compartment of an old-fashioned Pullman car. They were heading for a ships' repair wage conference in San Francisco. A quart bottle half-filled with whiskey was propped between the knees of a union chief. A pint, nearly empty, rested on the window ledge. One man held an empty bottle upside down.

"Sure," observed the union chief, "Dewey and Roosevelt said a lot about postwar jobs, but neither one ever did tell us how they're going to find the jobs. Take the Portland-Vancouver Area shipyard electricians. Must be close to 10,000 of them. Nine thousand won't be able to pass the state examination, which means they can't work in peace time — even if there were jobs. What are those 9,000 going to do?"

"Same thing applies to pipefitters," said the man next to the window. "We, too, gotta have state licenses to work in peace time. Not one in ten pipefitters working in shipyards can pass that exam."

"Machinists' Union is going to give every returned veteran who wants to be a machinist a free kit of tools," contributed the man with the upside-down bottle. "What I want to know is what the hell's the good of tools when there aren't any jobs?"

A fat Labor official near the washstand spoke up with confidence:

"Industries are coming in right after the war. They'll take up the slack."

The union chief snorted. "Nuts! Why should Industry come to Oregon? Industry in Oregon pays too much tax. Lots of big firms have been interested in sites in Portland, but they settle somewhere else. Under the present tax set-up, Oregon's dream of Industry is just a dream. Matter of fact, some of Portland's biggest industries are talking right now of moving to Washington soon as the war ends. You boilermakers talk about 8,000 to 12,000 men employed in Oregon in February. Brother, I'll bet you a case of rum you don't have a hundred boilermakers working in Portland six months after Hitler is through."

The boilermaker official looked frightened. "You think so? Jeeze! I just got elected to my job for a four-year term."

"A.F. of L. headquarters says," continued the union chief, "that production will topple soon after the Nazis fold up, and that there will be 11,000,000 out of work in this country right away. When Japan turns up her toes, there'll be nineteen to twenty millions out of work."

"Veterans . . ." someone began.

"Yeah, veterans," repeated the union chief. "They're going to be a pain. If they get their jobs back, 5,000,000 guys who plugged away during the war will be let out. But that's only part of it. Veterans won't have to join the union if they don't want to. Okay. What's Manage-

ment going to do? They've signed agreements with us not to hire non-union men. What we going to do? We've signed agreements with Management."

"Well? What we going to do?" asked the man near the window.

"We're in for trouble, brother," the union chief answered. "I look for two years of hell. Strikes! Race riots! I expect to see prices soar out of sight for two, three, maybe four years. I expect to see wages driven down. Sixty per cent of war workers haven't saved a dime. Brother, the future is black." He glared about him, leaned forward and said bitterly: "During those two years of hell, the CIO is going to take over the A.F. of L. God help us all!"

"Race riots! Did you say race riots?" asked the fat official.

"Oh, don't act so dumb," growled the union chief. "You know damn well there'll be race riots. You know damn well that the Portland-Vancouver Area has been on the verge of race riots for months. You can't bring 23,000 Negroes into an old-fashioned town like Portland, and expect to . . ."

"Seventeen thousand," said the man with the upside-down bottle.

"Manpower people claim there's 17,000. Negro leaders claim 23,000. Let's call it 20,000. Look what Negroes did to Vanport. Practically chased the Whites out of there. Look at the trouble on the buses, the stabbings, shootings and all that. What with the Government trying to force the Negroes into the shipyards, and . . ."

"Trying to? They're in."

"Not exactly. They're in all the yards but one. Only way that one Navy yard keeps them out is to warn the Government that if Negroes are forced on them, there's liable to be murder done. That yard hired one Negro a little while ago, and so many wrenches and hammers fell off decks around him that he quit within twenty-four hours. Anyway, where was I?"

"Race riots."

"Oh, yes. Negroes will be among the first workers let out after V-Day. They won't like it. In the meantime, Negroes have infiltrated all Portland-Vancouver businesses. White women have joined the WAC, WAVES, 'n SPARS. Negro women have their jobs. When those gals come home . . ."

"Negroes will leave the area," said the fat official. "They won't stick around where there's no work."

"Says you." The union chief scratched his head. "They'll stay. If you follow the history of Negro migrations, you'll find they never leave an area once they've come into it. No, me lad, after V-Day there'll be 20,000 Negroes on the Labor market, and they'll all be cheap labor. They hate the unions right now. You know about the Portland Area boilermakers. Won't hire a Negro. Kaiser's Negroes are all hired through the Vancouver boilermakers."

"Yeah," agreed the fat man, "but you're assuming that every worker is going to be broke. War bonds . . ."

"Rubbish," said the union chief.

"Sixty per cent of the workers cash their bonds in at the first opportunity. Ask the banks. Forty per cent will have savings. Sure. But a lot of the savers are buying farms and acreage. They're spending all they have saved, that way. You know as well as I do that most of them will be broke in a year. Farming isn't any business for ex-shipyard workers."

The little man from the Painters' Union spoke up timidly:

"But Industry's going back to the 1939 level of production, I read."

"Damn it!" blustered the union chief. "At the 1939 level of production, there'll still be twenty millions

out of work, no matter what happens."

"But Henry Kaiser says that if . . ."

"Oh, for Cripes' sake," the union chief snorted, "there won't be any Henry Kaiser two years after Germany. He's bucking too many basic industries. He'll go the way of Hugo Stinnes. No, fellows, we're in for it. We might as well face it. Right now, we're fools for going to Frisco. I got it straight before I left Portland that we're not going to get anywhere in this wage parley. The conference will be a flop. There's no doubt about it. Labor will get nothing this trip."

And he was right. That's exactly what Labor got.



War—

The fortune of war is always doubtful.

— SENECA

War never leaves where it found a nation.

— EDMUND BURKE

Who asks whether the enemy were defeated by strategy or valor?

— VIRGIL

A great and lasting war can never be supported on patriotism alone. It must be aided by a prospect of interest, or some reward.

— GEORGE WASHINGTON

GRANNY'S RED DRESS

A Story

BY ALMA ROBISON HIGBEE

I WAS at Phenie Thornberry's store the day Granny Oddly came in to buy the red dress and I couldn't help wondering why she wanted it, a woman her age.

She rode up to the stile, got off and hitched her mare and came in, walking spry as could be. She was a little woman but she had a proud way of walking, sort of dainty, like the little pigeons that used to be around our barn. Her face was brown as the oak leaves that hang on the trees all winter long and wrinkled as a frosty persimmon, but her mouth could still cut capers and her eyes spilled blue sparkles all over her face when she laughed.

Phenie was ordering from a dry grocery drummer who leaned on the counter, writing in a little black book, when Granny came tripping in, her rusty black sateen dress looking right nice even if most of the shine was worn off. She had on a black lawn bonnet, the ruffle trimmed with narrow edging and a big apron covered most of her skirt-front. The apron was white with black feathers on it.

"Howdy, Phenie," she greeted the

storekeeper, then seeing me over at the dry goods counter, she nodded and smiled.

"Howdy, Maude."

Without waiting for me to ask her politely how she was making out, she turned back to Phenie, her old face kind of anxious-looking.

"Phenie, I want to ask you, have you still got that red silk dress you fetched on last week?"

Phenie, who had been arguing with the drummer about two cases of canned salmon, looked up. "Why yes, I have, Granny."

"Well, Phenie, I'm sure pleased," Granny looked relieved. "Soon as ever you get done jawing with that man, I want you should show me that dress. I want to lay hands on it and touch it even."

"Be with you in a minit," Phenie said and started giving the drummer what-for because he couldn't let her have more brought-on tea.

SPEAKIN' of that red dress puts me in a mind of the summer I was fixing to marry Pa." Granny sat down

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on a three-legged stool and taking off her bonnet, began fanning herself. "I'd made up my mind to have a red dress to get married in, cause red always looks so gay and perty, so I worked for old Miz Roxie Turner for fifty cents a week and saved every copper cent of it to buy the dress with. Uncle Purd Thornberry, that was Phenie's Pa, brought on a perty piece of red calico with little white stars in it and I allus did favor stars, or else a bowknot, more than anything. It took me nearly all summer to save up enough cash money, for in them days, you could put fifteen yards in a skirt and then it would be kind of skimpy. Anyways, the day I come down to get my weddin' dress, Uncle Purd had done sold the last of the bolt to Essie Hargis."

"I'll bet you was disappointed," I said, more to make conversation than anything.

"I sure was," Granny nodded. "Uncle Purd had a bolt of blue with yellor rings in it, so I bought that and it made up right nice, with rickrack trimming and a deep flounce on the skirt. Long time after we was married, I told Pa about the red calico with the stars, and he said he'd buy me a red dress sure as the world. That first winter he dug and sold four dollars worth of ginseng and he figured that was enough, but my first baby was coming and the only granny-woman lived way over on Pided Cow Branch and she charged five dollars a trip iffen it was over ten miles, so we saved the money for that and give her a

duck and a drake for the other dollar."

"I guess a body always has a place for extry money," I said, thinking Granny must have been a right pert-looking one when she was young.

"Pa, he was a determined man and he still talked about the red dress," Granny sighed, shaking her head. "Said he could just see how I'd look in it. But looked like every time I went to buy a new dress, they was either out of red or the pieces they had wouldn't wash. I recollect one time Uncle Purd brought on a bolt of pokeberry red with little black mingles in it and I thought I'd get a dress off that. When I went to buy it, the goods looked kind of sleazy so I had Uncle Purd cut a little scrivin off the corner and I chewed it a while and sure enough it faded. So I bought a gray calico instead.

"Then the winter 'fore Pa died, he declared he was going to buy me the pertiest red dress in Winner County. He trapped along Hell Cat Creek and caught a lot of fur. Every time he'd hang a skin out behind the smoke house, he'd say, 'Ma, there's another yard of goods for that dress.' Was along toward spring when a fur buyer come along and Pa sold his furs for little over seven dollars. He went down to Uncle Purd's and he said, 'I'd like to settle my store bill,' thinking maybe he owed two, three dollars. Well sir, Uncle Purd got out the book and there 't was, black and white. He owed six dollars and eighty-one cents. Pa just had a fifty-cent piece when he come home and he give that fo me to

send off and get a plaster to put on my back, that had been bothering me some. I got the plaster and it never done me no good. Come to find out wasn't nothing the matter with my back but I'd been bumping it ever' time I passed the sharp corner of the cupboard. I caught myself doing it."

THE drummer, who had shut up his little black book and stuck it in his pocket, smiled at Granny Oddly as he went toward the door. It wasn't the kind of smile you try to be polite with. He smiled all over his face and Granny smiled right back and they both seemed real well-pleased about it.

"Now Granny, I'll show you the red dress," Phenie came around the counter and took down a flat box. Lifting the lid she took out two layers of silk paper and there was the dress. My, I never in all my born days, saw anything like it. The waist was all gathered and there was ruffles around the neck and sleeves, edged with gold. The skirt was full and it had ruffled pockets and a belt made out of gold cloth. That red silk just shimmered. Just then I looked at Granny and there she stood, leaning forward a little, her hands reaching out and her eyes kind of reaching out too, as though she could not tear them away from the soft shiny stuff of the dress.

"I got a poke of feathers tied to my saddle," Granny's voice didn't sound like Granny at all. It was all shaky and uneven. "I'll sell you the feathers and I got a dollar and sixty-seven in cash money. If that ain't enough, I've got

a barry shoat I'll let you have for the rest of it, whatever it is. I just got to have that red dress and a pair of slippers with little teensy heels, and a ribbon bow in front."

"I got a pair of slippers with a buckle," Phenie said. "Doc Kerlin ordered 'em for Sally May but she couldn't wear 'em. Too narry. Granny, would you like to try on the dress?"

"Try . . . you mean . . . put that dress . . . on . . . on me?" The finger Granny pointed at the dress shook. "You mean I could. . . ."

"Sure. Just step in the ware room in the back and slip it on. No use to buy it if it don't fit. And there's the shoes. If you can wear 'em, I'll sell 'em cheap."

Granny took the dress in her hands and held it carefully, as though she could hardly believe it. Phenie brought the slippers and they sure were perty. Black and shiny with wide buckles and leather fringe hanging down the front. The back end of them was histed up and the heels looked about a foot long. My stars, how anybody could walk in slippers like that. . . .

GRANNY went into the back room and Phenie and I just stood there, looking at each other. Phenie shook her head a little. The idea of a woman wanting a red dress after she got up in seventy beat us, sure enough.

"I heard tell old Eph Hardacre has been sprucing around since his old woman died," Phenie said in a half-whisper. "Reckon it could be he's set his cap for Granny?"

"We might pump her about that," I said, listening to the rustling that went on in the ware'room.

Then Granny came out and she was a sight. She had on the red dress over her black one and the black one showed about a foot around the bottom. She was hobbling along in the high-heeled slippers like she was on stilts but you ought to have seen her face. It looked for all the world like someone had painted two red spots on her cheeks, the way she blossomed out. Her eyes had a light behind them the way lantern light shines through a knot-hole in a barn at night.

"Well, Granny, how do you like it?" Phenie asked, smiling and winking at me. "You want to look in the glass over there?" She pointed to a long looking-glass by the thread counter. It had the picture of a boy and dog at the top and underneath in black letters it said, CLARK'S THREAD.

"I don't want to look in no glass," Granny said in a hushed voice and her old fingers stroked the silk gentle like, the way you stroke a baby.

"Granny, a little bird told me you wanted that dress to marry in," Phenie hinted slyly. "The little bird said Uncle Eph was hanging around."

"Why, Phenie Thornberry!" Granny nailed her with a look that ought to have curled her hair. "I wouldn't

look at old Eph Hardacre iffen he was the last man on earth. I went to school with him and he not only ain't got no book learnin', but he's got no sense besides."

Carefully she unbuttoned the dress and lifted it over her head. She handed it to Phenie. "You put that silk paper around it, Phenie, and fix it up good, so's I can carry it home without it getting wrinkled up."

She folded her hands together and she might have been praying, while Phenie packed the dress in the box and put twine string around it.

"You know I think the Lord knows what he's about," Granny said in a kind of far-away voice. "I reckon he knows how much I wanted a red dress all my born days, and how come I never had one. I got a hankering to be laid away in that dress when I die, and I don't doubt but what the Good Lord'll let me wear it right through the pearly gates, and let me look young and perty like I used to be, cause Pa'll be waitin' there and he ain't never seen me in a red dress."

Stooping down, she pulled off the slippers with the buckles and fringe, placing them carefully on the counter. Then she sat down on the stool and started putting on her soft, flat shoes.

"I don't want the slippers though," she said. "I'd shore hate to have my feet hurt, even in Heaven."



THE DANGER IN THE RESISTANCE FORCES

BY ANDRE VISSON

FOR four years the Governments exiled from Nazi-occupied Europe have proudly hailed themselves as both inspirers and mandataries of their national resistance forces. But as soon as the exiled Governments began to return to their liberated countries, one of their first worries was to disarm those very resistance groups who were supposed to be their most devoted and patriotic supporters. This demand to surrender their arms was resented and opposed by yesterday's front line fighters for the liberation.

This is the situation that developed in France, Belgium and Greece. It caused a certain political agitation in France. It provoked turbulent street demonstrations in Belgium. It led to a civil war in Greece.

Shocked and alarmed public opinion both in the United States and in Great Britain anxiously tried to find out who were responsible for the conflict between the resistance forces and the Governments in Europe's liberated countries.

Many people did not resist the temptation to oversimplify the issue

according to their own ideologies. Some described the exiled Governments as "reactionary" or "pro-Fascist." Others labelled the resistance groups as "Communists" or "Communist-inspired." But what are the facts?

The Governments of Hubert Pierlot in Belgium and of Georges Papandreou in Greece were no more "reactionary" than the administration of Franklin D. Roosevelt. As to the Belgian and Greek resistance forces, they were no more "Communist" than the Political Action Committee. The real situation in all liberated countries is that the *Communists are trying to make political capital of the resistance forces, just as the reactionaries are trying to make political capital of the Governments returning from exile.*

We cannot understand the liberation crisis which broke out in Europe, unless we understand the structure of the returning exiled régimes and that of the resistance forces in particular. The resistance forces claim that they have been the patriotic élite of their nations. Their own Governments-

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in-exile recognized it when they publicized the magnificent courage, heroism and sacrifice of the underground. Indeed, so eager have they been to capitalize on the exploits of the resistance that they have created a certain confusion in our minds. They have made many of us forget that although the resistance forces were the heroic élite of a nation, they were still only a *minority*. True, the overwhelming majority of the people in every occupied country sympathized with their resistance minority and facilitated, whenever they could, its heroic activity. But the fact remains that the fighting forces of the resistance were a minority, and a small one at that.

The British Intelligence liaison officers — who equipped the French resistance groups with munitions, funds, means of communication, and who helped to co-ordinate their activities — valued, in 1943, the “actual fighting” elements of the French resistance at 300,000, while the “active supporters” were estimated at 2,500,000. It was a very high figure for a population of 41,000,000, but it was definitely a minority.

In Belgium, according to Belgian Intelligence sources which cannot be suspected of underestimating their own resistance forces, those forces — actual fighting elements and active supporters — were valued between 400,000 and 500,000. This figure — which is believed to be approximately correct by British Intelligence — is something to make 8,000,000 Belgians

very proud, but it is again a minority.

In Greece, EAM, the left-wing National Liberation Front, before it came into tragic conflict with the British, was officially recognized by Anthony Eden as constituting 75 per cent of the Greek resistance. EAM valued its own fighting forces — ELAS — at 70,000 and its “sympathizers” at about 1,000,000. British Intelligence had somewhat lower figures. It valued the total Greek fighting groups at about 50,000, of which number ELAS was believed to have 75 per cent. As to EAM “sympathizers,” the British believed that they did not exceed half or three-quarters of a million. Still a high figure for a Greek population of 6,000,000, but again a minority.

Thus, in France, Belgium and Greece, the actively resisting minority acquired for itself during the occupation a leading place in the national life of the country. It fought for and preserved national independence. In this heroic fight it was supported — passively but spontaneously — by the majority of nationally thinking citizens. But the fighting minority also had, besides its national patriotic conceptions which coincided with those of the majority, some social and political aspirations and aims of its own. The liberation, by breaking the blackout of occupation, has brought to light those political and social aspirations and made evident that they were not only divergent but conflicting, because the resistance forces were not homogeneous. They were a coalition.

II

Hitler, by his successive aggressions, brought to life the war coalition of the United Nations. His Gestapo in occupied countries brought together in a war coalition nationalist industrialists and internationalist intellectuals, Catholic priests and Communist workers, international bankers and provincial peasants. The war is not yet ended. But the liberation has to a large degree driven away the enemy who created the underground coalition. The heterogeneous elements of this coalition are only too eager to resume political and social conflicts which they honestly tried to forget during the occupation. They are more eager to resume the fight because all their old conflicts have been deepened, sharpened, exasperated and envenomed by the occupation.

There are countries, like Yugoslavia, where the conflicting social and racial elements hated each other more than they hated the Nazis and their local henchmen. Mikhailovich's Chetniks and Tito's Partisans could not form a coalition against the Nazis even for the duration of the occupation.

A somewhat similar situation threatened to develop during the occupation in Greece, where the moderate resistance groups, EDES (Greek National Democratic Army), headed by Colonel Napoleon Zervas, clashed in the spring of 1944 with the left and extreme left coalition, EAM (Greek National Liberation Front).

But in Western Europe, where before the war political and social conflicts had been cushioned by parliamentary life, it was possible to establish a wartime coalition of the most heterogeneous resistance groups.

In France in May 1943, the sixteen foremost resistance groups formed the "National Council of the Resistance." All political parties which went underground (Communists, Socialists, Alliance Démocratique, Fédération Républicaine, Radical-Socialists and Union Républicaine Démocratique) were represented on the Council. The powerful trade-union resistance groups of the Communist-Socialist Confédération Générale du Travail and of the Catholic Confédération Française du Travail Chrétien cooperated in the Council with the representatives of the French Army resistance forces, O.C.M. (Organisation Civile et Militaire) and many other resistance groups (Combat, Front National, Ceux de la Résistance, etc.), some of which had more or less outspokenly rightist ideologies.

In Belgium different autonomous resistance groups (Mouvement National Belge, Front de l'Indépendance, Organisation Militaire Belge de la Résistance, Milices Patriotiques, National Royalist Movement and many other fighting units) were not so closely co-ordinated as were similar French resistance groups. They worked together, nevertheless. With the exception of two numerically non-important pro-Nazi parties (Rexistes and Flemish Nationalists), all Belgian po-

litical parties (Communists, Socialists, Liberals and Catholics) were driven underground. Walloons and Flemings, trade unionists and Belgian nobility, priests and coal-miners, officers and peasants, as far as they were prepared to fight for Belgium's freedom and independence, found themselves in the resistance groups.

It would be erroneous to consider the divergent national patriotic elements brought together in the French and Belgian resistance forces as "national armies." Neither were they "revolutionary armies," such as emerged during the French or Russian revolutions. True, they were created by revolutionary methods, but they were "coalition armies" in which fundamentally conflicting groups had co-ordinated their patriotic activities while maintaining their political or social individualities.

The Greek patriots, more sharply divided on constitutional problems, could not form such a wide coalition as was established in France and in Belgium. The majority of the Greeks resented and opposed the dictatorial régime of General John Metaxas, which was endorsed by King George. But even the republican Greeks could not agree among themselves. The radical republicans suspected the moderate republicans who were willing to postpone for the "duration" the solution of the monarchy problem. And they were even more suspicious of the British, especially of Prime Minister Churchill who generally favored the maintenance of European dynasties

and had strong personal sympathies for King George of Greece, Britain's faithful friend. Those intransigent Greek republicans constituted EAM, a coalition of Communists, Socialists, Agrarians, Socialist Workers, Social Democrats, the Greek Socialist Union, the Union of Popular Democrats, left-wing Liberals and a good number of other left-wing organizations.

III

Now, how important and how influential have the Communists been in French, Belgian and Greek resistance forces? In the last French elections (May 1936) the Communists won 72 of 618 seats in the Lower Chamber (Chambre des Députés). Twenty more representatives could be described as Communist sympathizers. The Communists were stronger than they had ever been in France. The Nazi-Soviet pact of August 1939 and the opposition of the French Communists to the war, however, greatly damaged Communist prestige in France and reduced the number of their supporters. They went underground in September 1939 and while some dissident Communists constituted or joined Socialist trade-union resistance groups after France's collapse in the summer of 1940, the bulk of the Communists enlisted in the resistance groups only in the summer of 1941, after Hitler's attack on Soviet Russia. But then they greatly benefited by their underground experience. Their previously established underground communications allowed

them to co-ordinate immediately the resistance activity of all Communist cells throughout France. Many non-Communists, unable to constitute efficient units of their own, joined the Communist resistance organizations. In 1942, when the Battle of Stalingrad turned the tide of the war in Soviet Russia, the Communists, according to Allied Intelligence reports, became numerically the most important group of the French resistance forces.

In 1943, however, the situation substantially changed. British Intelligence Service, which acted as a clearing-house for autonomous French resistance groups — most of the time ignoring the existence of each other — succeeded in co-ordinating their activities. When representatives of the sixteen most important resistance groups met in May 1943 in Paris to establish the National Council of the Resistance, the Communists and their sympathizers obtained the vice-presidency and three seats out of a total of sixteen in the Council. The Communist participation at the Council was fairly representative of their effective forces in the resistance. By that time the Communists were believed not to exceed 25 per cent of the French Underground.

Their numerical importance, if not their influence, appears to have decreased somewhat since the liberation. True, they have succeeded, according to inside reports from European trade unionist circles, in getting control of France's six most important

trade unions. They have a greater number of militants and they control a greater number of steering-wheels than they ever did before in France. But since the French can again organize themselves politically, the Communists have lost the technical superiority which they possessed during the occupation. They are anxious to maintain, and eventually to increase, their political influence by using both the trade unions which they control and the fighting resistance units which they have created.

But as unwilling as they were to disarm those units, they did not consider it wise to provoke an open conflict by refusing to obey the decision of De Gaulle's Government (in which they are represented) to incorporate all French Forces of the Interior into the French regular, national army. In these French Forces of the Interior, the Communists controlled the "Francs-Tireurs et Partisans," who only as late as March 1944 reached an agreement with the so-called "Armée Secrète," constituted by the para-military formations of all the non-Communist organizations. This agreement, which completed on a military plan the political co-ordination achieved in May 1943, established the French Forces of the Interior under General de Gaulle's supreme command and prevented a civil war.

It is too early yet to pass a definite judgment on De Gaulle's political action. But certainly De Gaulle can already claim credit for having

averted a civil war which threatened France at the hour of liberation. The Pétain régime, by creating a dangerous confusion on the legality of collaboration, greatly contributed to the division of the French people. If the anti-Nazi Frenchmen had not agreed on De Gaulle, France, emerging from the Nazi jail, would have been plunged into the bloody sea of civil war. De Gaulle appeared to Frenchmen as the daring builder of a bridge between their past and their future, over the abyss of capitulation and occupation. The French do not yet agree among themselves as to the road they want to follow after the war, but most of them refuse to go back to the immediate prewar France. They are willing to follow De Gaulle as long as they see that he leads them forward, away from their tragic past. Politically a new leader, he succeeded by creating a "De Gaulle mysticism," partly expressed in the vague program of the Fourth Republic which any political or social group in France can interpret pretty much to its own liking.

The coalition which the French Underground constituted against the Gestapo backs De Gaulle. But the divergent elements of this coalition are concentrating more and more on their diverging postwar aims. And should the Communists even dare to seize an opportunity to achieve their own social aims, it is certain that several right-wing resistance groups, of which "Combat," headed by Henri Frenay (*nom-de-guerre* of a reserve

officer), is perhaps the most important, would not hesitate to block them by using arms, if necessary.

The Communists hope to exploit two great evils brought by the Nazi occupation — collaboration and inflation. Collaboration, which prevailed especially among the owning classes, is responsible for the sharpening and exasperating of old social conflicts. Inflation has ruined the French middle class, backbone of the democracy. France's social conflicts are now loaded with explosives. France's conflicting forces have been loosened by the liberation. They live in a state of armistice. This armistice will last as long as De Gaulle is able to maintain the authority he acquired at the hour of liberation.

IV

The danger of social conflicts is even greater in Belgium.

The Communists obtained in the 1939 elections nine seats out of 200 in the Belgian Chamber. Should the elections be held this winter, the Belgian Communists, it is believed in trade unionist circles, might raise themselves to twenty-five or even thirty seats. They must have approximately trebled the number of their adherents. They do not constitute a danger because of their numerical importance. They still do not exceed 15 per cent of the Belgian electorate. But their potentialities may be much greater than their numerical importance. Not because their partic-

ipation in the Belgian fighting resistance was exceptionally high. The ratio of their participation in the resistance did not exceed that of the Communists of France. But at the hour of its liberation, Belgium did not find in the Government which returned from London exile the same capacity for "absorption" of social conflicts as France found in the De Gaulle régime.

De Gaulle is no revolutionary leader; but his régime is revolutionary. It sprang out of the revolt against both the Nazis and Vichy France. By this revolt, De Gaulle became in the eyes of many socially discontented Frenchmen the fighter against the forces of French reaction. There is nothing revolutionary or even militant in Hubert Pierlot and his prewar Coalition Government. But they are by no means political reactionaries. One of the most progressive among Catholic conservatives, Pierlot would be described in American political vocabulary as a right-wing liberal. There is nothing reactionary in his Conservative Minister of Finance, Camille Gutt, who is determined to expropriate the war profits of collaborationists and black-marketeers. There is certainly nothing reactionary in Pierlot's Laborite Minister of Foreign Affairs, Paul-Henri Spaak, the main leader of the Belgian trade unions, since Spaak's rival for Belgian labor leadership, Henri de Man, became an arch-collaborationist.

But while Pierlot and his team are not political reactionaries, they are

"reactionaries" in the psychological sense of the term. They belong to Belgian prewar political life and have a natural tendency to resume their administration at the point at which it was suspended by the Nazi aggression. There are many Belgians, however, who, without being Communists, do not want to go back to prewar Belgium. They resent Belgium's prewar foreign policy which weakened Belgium's ties with the western democracies, but did not prevent Belgium from being invaded by the Nazis. They resent still more the privileged position in prewar Belgium of those very social elements which furnished, during the occupation, the greatest proportion of collaborationists. They do not believe in Communism, but they are anxious to see a "new Belgium" emerge after the war. This "new Belgium," they insist, should be shorn of those industrialists, bankers, generals and politicians who compromised themselves before or during the occupation. Some of them include King Leopold in this group. But since King Leopold is in Germany, as a prisoner of war, his problem is not immediate.

Their immediate problems are to see all collaborationists, especially those from higher social strata, in jail, and to obtain for the half-starved Belgian middle class and workers enough food at reasonable prices.

The twin evils of the Nazi occupation — collaboration and inflation — have not been treated in Belgium the same way as they were in France.

The French did not try to block the inflation by drastic measures, but they acted drastically with all collaborationists. The Belgians, on the contrary, applied most drastic deflationary methods, which were also aimed at discovering and at preparing the expropriation of all illegal profits made under the occupation, but they have been, according to the discontents, more lenient than the French toward collaborationists from the ranks of big business.

This latter accusation was at least partly unavoidable in an industrial country. The proportion of collaborationists was certainly rather high among industrialists. Many of them, however, had no possibility of closing their factories. Many of them "collaborated" against their desire and against their convictions. But whether they collaborated or not, they have inevitably suffered less than their workers. They have not been deported to Germany for slave-work. And they could afford to be supplied by the black market. It is something that their workers cannot forgive.

As in France, inflation has ruined the Belgian middle class, white-collar workers, civil servants and pensionaries. For four years the only people who could live more or less comfortably in Belgium — aside from the well-to-do — were either collaborationists or black-marketeers. A pound of butter cost 800 francs (\$20), while the monthly salary of a junior clerk was 1280 francs (\$32). Millions of Belgians starved, while a few hundred

thousand persons paid \$20 for a pound of butter or for a pair of nylon hose imported from Portugal. In a small and densely populated country like Belgium, such violent contrasts between the misery of the masses and the boom prosperity of a few, have inevitably created much sharper social discontent than in France. Belgium's ruined middle class has learned to hate not only the collaborationists, largely paid by the Nazis, but also the peasants who made so much money out of the black market that they paid off their mortgages, acquired new land and bought all there was to sell. Difficulties in obtaining food supplies, inevitable in a country so close to the theatre of war and in which transportation was disrupted, are another irritating factor in the growing discontent.

The revolutionary character of Brussels' street demonstrations has been exaggerated. Such demonstrations had become almost a part of Belgian political routine between the two wars. But the growing dissatisfaction of many Belgians cannot be ignored. It is perfectly true that while the Communists and one representative of the resistance have withdrawn from the Pierlot Cabinet, six other resistance men remained with Pierlot. But it is equally true that although the Communists have been very active in the street demonstrations and in the unsuccessful strike, the angry crowds in Brussels' streets were not composed solely of Communists or even leftists.

Communists in Belgium are trying

to channelize to their advantage the social discontent, exasperated by the occupation, and to make political capital of the resistance forces. On the other hand, reactionary elements are naturally trying to capitalize on the conservative tendencies of the Pierlot Cabinet in order to prevent the realization of the political and social reforms claimed by the Belgian discontents. There is yet no open fight between the two forces. But there is no "armistice" such as De Gaulle succeeded in maintaining in France.

V

In Greece, external elements — especially British policy — have aggravated at the hour of liberation the very tense Greek domestic situation. In prewar Greece Communists were less important and influential than in France or in Belgium. They had won only 15 seats out of 300 in the 1936 elections to the Parliament. They are believed to have doubled the number of their adherents during the occupation. They were a definite minority in EAM, the National Liberation Front. But they have become the most influential, most vociferous and most determined in this group. They tried to make political capital out of this leftist, but non-Communist, organization which played a prominent part in Greek resistance.

On the other hand, Greek rightist groups, who dream of reestablishing King George without a plebiscite, have tried to make political capital

out of Georges Papandreou, republican Liberal and even Socialist. Papandreou dislikes the Communists as much as he dislikes the Monarchy. He lacked authority and doomed himself by allowing the British to use Spitfires and Sherman tanks against Greek patriots who had risked their lives for three years by fighting the Nazis; but he is not reactionary.

The British precipitated the civil war in Greece, because they did not allow, on Churchill's own instructions, Papandreou to pass his hand to some other liberal Greek leader who would let the steam off. But the British made two other fundamental errors before the liberation. They believed that it would be possible to divide the Balkans with Soviet Russia into two zones of influence and to maintain in those two zones two fundamentally different political and social régimes. And then for three years they had two conflicting policies as far as Greece was concerned. Their Intelligence Service in the Middle East armed and supported ELAS, the military formation of the leftist EAM. Their Foreign Office and, particularly, Churchill looked to the more conservative Greek elements and have done their best to save King George's crown.

The leftist Greeks of the EAM could not understand why, across the border in Yugoslavia, Tito's Partisans who were even more to the left than ELAS and whose leader is a Communist, were treated by the British as "patriots, heroes and allies," while for the Greek partisans the same British

had nothing but bullets and shells.

This unhappy situation in Greece at best found only a temporary solution in the use of British arms. Social peace in Greece has been compromised for many years to come.

Behind the De Gaulle armistice in France, the social uneasiness in Belgium and the civil war in Greece, we can discover the same two conflicting trends — war weariness with the desire to return as quickly as possible to the more or less comfortable routine of prewar years — and the prewar social discontent, exacerbated by the social evils of the Nazi occupation, which is urging an increasing desire for change.

Those dangerously conflicting forces of “psychological reaction” — of which the political reactionaries hope to take advantage — and of the “psychological revolution” — which the Communists are trying to exploit, may tear apart Europe’s liberated peoples.

Which of those two conflicting forces in Europe is the strongest? No definite answer can be given until the European peoples can hold genuine democratic elections. To judge, however, by reports from liberated countries, it appears that the majority of the people are so war-weary that they are inclined to follow those who promise them peace, food, order and jobs. But revolutions have never been made by majorities. They are the work of bold minorities determined to pose their ideas and their rule upon a weary, hungry, confused and unorganized majority. Unless those ma-

ajorities react and defend themselves, the revolutionary minorities have a better than fair chance to win the fight. This defense of the majorities, however, can be organized only from within. Any foreign military intervention may assure a temporary respite, but will prove to be very costly and detrimental in the long run. The French have never forgotten that their Bourbon dynasty returned to France after Napoleon’s defeat protected by Allied bayonets.

But if a foreign military intervention is dangerous because it generally leads to the results contrary to those which it hopes to achieve, there is in liberated Europe room and necessity for a non-military Allied intervention.

American democracy, which succeeded in developing the world’s greatest power, and which refuses to be seduced by both reactionary and revolutionary appeals, can and should offer to the liberated peoples of Europe more than a model to be followed. It can help the liberated peoples to find the indispensable minimum of social equilibrium by an efficient and intelligent economic and political support given to those genuinely democratic elements which are sincerely opposing both the reaction and revolution.

This is the mission of America in the postwar world. It is a most responsible mission and on the success of it rests America’s own security. Because there can be no security for any power, great or small, in a socially disorganized and fighting world.

THE UGLIEST MAN IN THE WORLD

BY WALTER BLAIR

THAT third summer I spent hunting freaks for P. T. Barnum's Moral and Educational Sideshows, Inc., was as fine a one as I ever spent. Looking for freaks, you meet up with the most interesting people there are. Besides, the pay was the highest I ever got except when I was a bank cashier a couple of days back there fifteen — no, sixteen — years ago.

Near the end of that third summer, I'd rounded up a stone-eating guyascutus, two side-hill dodgers, a female gillygaloo and a two-headed man. The gillygaloo I was terribly fond of, since she made possible a nice little sideline for me. That kind of a bird, you may recall, lays square eggs, and I'd hard boil the things and sell them for dice. Not only were they A-1 dice: they likewise were more or less of a curiosity, so they fetched a handsome profit. I was mighty sorry when I had to ship that bird along to old P. T. back in New York.

But the two-headed man, name of Joseph-Horace Smithers-Smithers, was the handsomest freak I ever signed up — that summer or any other. After I'd looked at him a while, you see, and

got used to him, I was struck with the idea that there's better *balance* to a two-headed man than there is to an ordinary one. Result was, I never again was quite satisfied with the look of a one-headed man — artistically, I mean. Most people I know, ordinarily, when they've seen a two-headed man or two, tell me they've felt the same way, exactly.

Looking at Joseph-Horace gave me the notion of finding the ugliest man in the world. "I've got the handsomest one," thinks I. "Why not get the ugliest?" So I started to figure where I'd look, and shortly decided on Tennessee. Andy Jackson was from there, I recalled, and they still used his picture to scare bad kids off to bed. Davy Crockett came from there, too — the only man on record that could kill a coon with a grin, or that could smirk the bark plumb off a tree.

A FEW miles into the mountains, a hillbilly opined that the ugliest man he knew of lived nearby in Scratch Shin Thicket. "That man's so ugly," says he, "that every time he

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looks into a shiny skillet, the reflection busts hit right down the middle."

Well, this Thicket man was in bed when I got there, but I talked to him anyhow. Though the day was as hot as the devil's barbecue pit, he had a big blanket pulled clean up over his head, and just to look at him made me sweat like a water pitcher. Of course, I asked the reason.

"Jist naturally got to," says he. "I'm so downright hideous that unless I hide thisaway, sleep won't come a-near me."

I was ready to sign him up at a huge salary, then and there, and I told him so. "But I won't sign," says he, his voice sort of muffled by the blanket, "account that I'd be cheating you. There's a fellow over to Dry Tripe Creek a mile or so on, that's twict as ugly as I be. He's so ugly that a fly won't light on his face, even when you spread it with the best of clover honey."

So I went over to Dry Tripe Creek. In the pasture, I saw a woman kissing a cow time after time, though she didn't seem to be enjoying it any more than the cow was.

"What's that for?" I wanted to know.

"On account of my Ole Man," says she. "He's so all-fired bad-favored that we've been married up for five years, but I ain't yet managed to kiss the poor cuss. I'm practisin'."

"Wheel!" says I. "Lead me to him. I'm looking for the ugliest man in the world for P. T. Barnum, and the

work's easy and the salary'll be terrific."

She looked at me cool as the north side of a February tombstone by moonlight. "He wouldn't be interested," she said. "He went into a town a while back where they'd had a horrible train wreck, and everybody figured he was a poor mutilated victim. Took up a collection for him, they did, and gathered him enough money to live the rest of his days in luxury on — thirty-three dollars and seven cents. Besides, he ain't so ugly as that fellow down in Skeleton Hollow, a mile or so northards. That fellow fell in a pond once, and they had to spend the next ten days a-skimmin' off the ugly. Good day to you, stranger!" And she headed back in the direction of the cow, looking fair to middling unhappy but downright determined.

A storm was plopping around big raindrops and darting lightning here and there when I got to the shack in the Hollow. It was the only shack in sight, and I suspicioned that the neighborhood wasn't over-popular. Even the weeds appeared to be more or less blighted, probably, I figured, from this fellow looking at them. The storm turned everything black as the inside of your pocket at the instant when I began to knock.

Just as the door opened, the lightning flashed, and I saw that poor critter's face. He was ugly enough to hire out as a nightmare for a heathen idol with six arms, to scare away the

measles, or to give a crocodile the jumping jimjams. I tell you, he was right homely.

"Sign on the dotted line!" I yelled, waving around the contract. "I want you to work for P. T. Barnum at a supercolossal salary. I've been hunting the ugliest man in the world, and my search is ended, sure enough."

"That's a damned lie!" he roared back at me. "Ain't neither ugly!"

Right then, away up in the sky, a whopping bolt of lightning growled, then coiled itself, and set out to strike him. I watched the thing coming closer and closer at a most astonishing clip, and scares pricked me all over, like

as if I'd been hugging a porcupine.

When the lightning bolt was about a foot away, it got a look at the ugly man's face — and stopped sharp. Next thing I knew, it had whirled around and was kiting away scared-like twice as fast as it had come. It was whimpering most pitiful, like a hound dog that's seen a ghost.

"If you aren't the ugliest man in the world," says I, "what in Tophet did the lightning go and do that for?"

The fellow shrugged his shoulders.

"Well," he answers me back, "I'm too polite to say. But there's somebody else here besides *me*, ain't there?"



Politics —

A politician thinks of the next election; a statesman of the next generation.

— JAMES F. CLARKE

Among the lessons taught by the French Revolution, there is none sadder or more striking than this — that you can make anything else out of the passions of men except a political system that will work, and that there is nothing so pitilessly and unconsciously cruel as sincerity formulated into dogma.

— JAMES R. LOWELL

A politician must often talk and act before he has thought and read.

— THOMAS B. MACAULAY

INAUGURAL "FIRSTS"

BY ALBERTA POWELL GRAHAM AND MURIEL FULLER

OUR first President was inaugurated April 30, 1789, in New York, the new nation's capital. Congress had read about coronations but was perplexed about an inauguration. What should Washington be called? Various titles had been suggested — His High Mightiness, His Elective Majesty, His Highness, His Excellency, or the President of the United States of America and Protector of Their Liberties. Washington took the Presidential oath on the balcony of Federal Hall. As a large flag was raised over the balcony, Chancellor Livingston held up his hand and cried, "Long live George Washington, President of the United States!" Which settled forever the question of a title.

The first President the nation really did not want was the second President, John Adams. His inauguration on March 4, 1797, was the second and last to be held in Philadelphia. He had won over Thomas Jefferson by only three votes and knew quite well the

people wanted Washington, who had refused a third term. There was no crowd to cheer Adams as he started out in his carriage, alone. The crowds near Independence Hall were waiting to see Washington, and only polite applause greeted Adams. That night John Adams ate his supper alone while Washington was being given a grand farewell banquet by the businessmen of Philadelphia. The new President sat down at his desk, moved the candle closer, took up his quill pen and wrote to his beloved wife, Abigail. "My Dearest Friend: Your dearest friend never had a more trying day. . . ."

The first outdoor inaugural was James Monroe's in 1817. A temporary building had hurriedly been erected to replace the Capitol burned by the British in 1814. Congress appropriated \$5,000 to buy chairs and desks. The Senate got their hands on the money first, and bought bright red leather chairs for themselves, leaving only enough money for wooden kitchen

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chairs for the Representatives. Then the Senate committee arranging the inaugural program decided to hold Monroe's inauguration in the House chamber, with the Senators occupying their red leather chairs across the front of the room.

The Representatives were furious at the idea of being "seated in common kitchen chairs, while the Senators loll about in their luxurious seats." Compromiser Henry Clay decided the floor would not be strong enough to hold the crowds. A motion was made that the ceremony be held outdoors, and that has been the custom almost ever since. Because of inclement weather, the very next inaugural — Monroe's second in 1821 — was an indoor one enlivened by the music of the Marine Band. Since then, the Marine Band has played at all inaugurations.

Not until 1897, at McKinley's first inaugural, was the custom of having a Senate committee arrange for the ceremonies, which originated with Washington, changed. The President-elect personally requested that the Representatives have a part in the proceedings, and ever since a joint committee from the two Houses has planned the inaugural program.

The first time in our history that March 4 fell on a Sunday was in 1821. Chief Justice Marshall decided to hold the ceremony the next day, Monday. Monroe's term of office, like that of every other President, expired at noon

on March 4, so for the first time since Washington we were without a President for twenty-four hours.

The first President who took the oath in the White House was Rutherford B. Hayes. This was also the first and only time in our history that the United States had two Presidents for seventeen hours. Hayes' election, in 1876, was the third of the Presidential ties. When the electors met on December 6 to count the ballots, the contest was still undecided. The battle went on for days, weeks, months. Finally, on March 1, President Grant announced that if a decision was not reached by March 4 he would resign the Presidency and let the office revert to the Secretary of State in accordance with the Constitution. Not until early on March 2 did the electors give Hayes the victory — by *one* vote. The Democrats instantly yelled fraud, and the Republicans, none too sure of their victory, took every precaution to insure their candidate's inauguration. March 4 fell on Sunday, so on Saturday evening President and Mrs. Grant gave a formal dinner party for Governor and Mrs. Hayes. During the arrival of the guests, so quietly that no one noticed them leave the room, the President and President-elect, with Secretary of State Fish and Chief Justice Waite, stepped into the Red Room. Rutherford B. Hayes took the Presidential oath, the first time a President had taken it in the White House, and until noon of the next day America had two Presidents.

The first and most famous of the Presidential ties was between Jefferson and Aaron Burr. The balloting began on February 11, 1801, with the Representatives casting their ballots every hour. For a week the wrangling went on, with some Congressmen appearing wrapped in blankets, their wigs askew, and others wearing nightcaps and wrinkled daytime clothes. At last, on February 17, on the thirty-sixth ballot, Jefferson was elected. Though his was the fourth inauguration, it was the first to be held in Washington, the new capital. It also marked a milestone in journalism with Washington's first newspaper "extra," a single sheet about eight by twelve inches. As the spectators left the Capitol, they heard men and boys hawking these sheets, shouting "Read President's inaugural speech!" Early that morning Jefferson had given a copy of his address to Samuel Smith, the alert editor of the *National Intelligencer*.

John Quincy Adams was the first President to wear long trousers, and not knee breeches, at his inauguration. He was also the first President to be called for at his residence by the retiring President, Monroe. His election — the second Presidential tie — followed a bitter campaign that was marked by the first partisan journalism in our history. Newspapers came out for and against the candidates.

Martin Van Buren was the first President who was born an American citizen. While all of his predecessors

and some of his successors had been born British subjects, he was born six years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence. He was also the first President-elect to join the retiring President at the White House, and he established the precedent of the retiring and incoming Presidents riding together to the Capitol. Since that day it has been customary for the outgoing President to sit on the right when riding to the inaugural ceremonies, and for the new President to occupy that side when riding back to the White House. The first inaugural parade and ball were held in honor of James Madison, chiefly noted as the husband of the gay Dolly.

Aged sixty-seven, William Henry Harrison — "Old Tippecanoe" — was the oldest candidate to run for President. He was the first President to arrive in the capital by train, as the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad had just been completed. He was also one of the few Presidents to dance at his own inaugural ball. Marching clubs were organized for the first time in the campaign of 1840, which was the jolliest in our history. These clubs paraded, with banners flying, and sang campaign songs.

The first "dark horse" in our history was James K. Polk, who was stampered into the nomination at the Democratic convention in 1844 because of a swift change of plans. The highlight of his inauguration, in 1845, was the new telegraph instrument.

Morse had his invention on the platform, in full view of the crowds. In the pouring rain he clicked out a report of the proceedings and transmitted it clear to Baltimore.

John Tyler was the first of the six men whom death made President. More precedents were set at this time. The Cabinet felt Tyler should be called *acting* President only, but "Tyler, too" maintained he was President of the United States by the authority of the Constitution. He felt his oath taken as Vice-President was sufficient, but the Cabinet insisted on his taking the President's oath of office as well.

Millard Fillmore also succeeded to the Presidency through the death of Zachary Taylor, who died sixteen months after taking office, but Andrew Johnson was the first Vice-President to assume the office of President because of real tragedy. He was yanked out of bed the night of April 14, 1865, by Governor Farwell of Wisconsin, who ran all the way from Ford's Theatre and gasped out that Lincoln had been murdered.

The first White House rummage sale was authorized by President Arthur, who refused to live in the White House until it had been renovated and redecorated. Arthur ordered all the junk gathered up for sale at auction. Twenty-four huge wagonloads were hauled away, and among the discards was a pair of Lincoln's

trousers and one of his silk hats. There was also a beautiful sideboard, presented by the W.C.T.U. to Mrs. Hayes, known to the vulgar as "Lemonade Lucy." A saloon-keeper snapped this up eagerly. Over \$3,000 was realized by the auction, and Arthur turned it over to the Government.

The first Vice-President to become President and have his own inaugural when elected to a second term of office was Theodore Roosevelt. Like Garfield, McKinley was assassinated six months after his inauguration. Roosevelt was on vacation with his family, miles from a railroad station. His trip back to Buffalo was the only one like it in Presidential history. Word flew along the route, and every few miles relays of fresh horses were waiting. The way lay through dense woods. The road was rough, there were many streams to ford, and the night was foggy and pitch-black. Woodsmen or farmers waited at dangerous spots, holding torches and lanterns high. It was a thrilling ride and this President, who frankly enjoyed the spectacular, undoubtedly thrilled to the drama. He traveled over five hundred miles in nineteen hours, by foot, horse, and train, and at three-thirty on the afternoon of September 14, 1901, took the Presidential oath, while McKinley lay dead in another room in the Buffalo house, the third martyred President in our history.

Coolidge was the first President to have the oath administered by his

father, a notary public. Through the open windows, by the light of two large unshaded kerosene lamps, his Vermont neighbors saw Calvin Coolidge, standing calm and composed in front of his father, with his wife beside him, take the oath at 2:47 A.M., August 3, 1923. Coolidge was probably the only President who managed to save money on his inauguration. For his second term's ceremonies he authorized an expenditure of \$40,000, though he protested it, but saved \$16,801.40. His speech in 1925 was the first ever heard on the radio, by an audience estimated at 22,800,000.

Harding, in 1921, was the first to have an amplifier, which was installed by the Bell Telephone Company, but the jump from this to radio in four short years recalls the speed at which radio moved in the early twenties. At Harding's inaugural, too, automobiles were used for the first time, instead of horse-drawn carriages.

Hoover's address, in 1929, was the first to be broadcast around the world on an international radio hookup. He wanted a simple inaugural, but he forgot to reckon with Vice-President Curtis' Indian ancestry. Indians thronged the capital and pitched their tepees in the Union Station plaza and on the mall about the Washington Monument.

The first time there were actual armed guards, in addition to the guard of honor, was at Lincoln's first

inaugural. Expert sharpshooters were stationed on roofs and in upper windows on the line of march, with strict orders to fire on anyone whose actions seemed suspicious. At Wilson's second inauguration, for the first time since Lincoln's, soldiers guarded the way, and solid lines of armed men stretched from the White House to the Capitol.

In 1917, March 4 fell on a Sunday for the fourth time in our history. The times were too dangerous to permit the nation to be without a Chief Executive, even for a few hours. Hence, President Wilson went to his room in the Capitol on Sunday at noon, and there took the oath of office.

The utmost precautions were taken to guard Franklin Roosevelt at his first inauguration. He had narrowly escaped assassination, and the country was in the midst of a financial depression and impending crisis. It was a dramatic occasion. Three thousand guards were on duty. As Vice-President Curtis administered the oath to John Nance Garner, the latter became the only man in our history to pass immediately from the Speakership of the House to the Vice-Presidency.

In 1941 this country saw a President take the oath of office for the third successive time. On January 20, 1945, for the second time in our history, a President will take the oath of office in the White House, the first President ever elected to a fourth term.

PEGLER: TOUGH-GUY COLUMNIST

By JOHN McCARTEN

To all outward appearances, Westbrook Pegler is a shy, modest, unassuming individual, rather hesitant in speech, with no more capacity for truculence than the Dalai Lama. With his red hair, freckled face and bold blue eyes, he looks younger than his fifty years. Only his bull neck and the thin curve of his lips give any indication that his amiability might conceivably be dubious.

He is fond of dogs, domesticity and the rural delights of his Connecticut estate, which he maintains in a reasonably comfortable style on the \$90,000 that William Randolph Hearst is estimated to be paying him annually. He works hard for the money he earns, going through endless tortures almost every day to perfect the thousand words that give him his patent of admission into the ranks of the nation's syndicated newspaper pundits.

To millions less fortunate than himself, he would seem a singularly lucky man. But he is hag-ridden by the awful thought that the cocoon of his contentment is hanging tremulously on an uncertain bough. The termites

of revolution are, as he sees it, gnawing right and left to knock over his snug little universe.

For his fellow man *en masse* Pegler has no use whatsoever. The apex of his political beliefs was reached with his fairly recent conclusion that the United States is a republic and not a democracy, which, being translated, means that it would be better all around if citizens in general would acknowledge a superior caste and let it run the country for the benefit of all.

Whatever the merits of this proposition, Pegler, as its spokesman, is rather peculiarly situated. He is well-heeled enough to claim a sort of mercenary superiority over his fellow man, but intellectually he sometimes seems pretty remote from the upper stratum.

His mind is sharp, agile, narrow, pious, vindictive, sentimental and unpredictable. It reveals a sensitivity that is easily betrayed into bathos, and a self-righteousness that often causes it to mistake its own opinion for fact. It glows boozily at the thought of *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* ("the happiest thing that has

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happened in this world since the Armistice") and becomes inflamed at the very mention of Eleanor Roosevelt ("a tireless, cunning and clever politician"). It is a mind of circumscribed originality, full of cute posturings and frayed ideas. It gropes vaguely for a moral code that will lend it a touch of consistency and invariably winds up embracing a tough-guy philosophy that would not unduly tax the mental powers of a Studs Lonigan. It is long on prejudice, short on logic, and as elusive in operation as the shell game.

The Irish poet, George Russell, once wrote, "We become the image of the thing we hate." In one respect, at least, the aphorism applies to Pegler. Increasingly he has adopted in his column the carefree tactics of the Communists, who have a remarkable talent for making large assumptions on the basis of tenuous facts. Like the Communists, whose hero of today may be the villain of tomorrow, Pegler frequently takes such broad advantage of the privilege of changing his mind that he ends by dissenting sharply with himself.

It is not so long ago that he wrote affectionately of Mrs. Roosevelt: "We know her better than any other woman, and she knows the country better than any other individual, including her husband, and the profit is all on our side. . . . I think we can take the wraps off and call her the greatest American woman." Having bestowed this accolade, Pegler decided to reverse himself drastically.

Presently Mrs. Roosevelt emerged in his column as "a cunning and indefatigable conspirator against the rights and independence of the individual American," anxious to introduce into the United States "some scheme containing the most binding elements of Communism and Hitlerism."

If Mrs. Roosevelt has undergone strange sea-changes in Pegler's mind, her husband has been even more mutable. Just when his readers have accustomed themselves to thinking that Franklin Roosevelt is nothing more than a "rich mama's boy," Pegler bewilders them by pronouncing the President a war leader *nonpareil*, who was "right all along and doggedly brave in times when he fought almost alone to make the people recognize their enemies and prepare to fight." One day Roosevelt is a "Hitler," another day he is "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

II

Since he became a staff philosopher for Roy Howard's papers in 1933, Pegler has been beside himself practically all the time. He has sturdily rejected the temptation to approve of anything for very long; apart from *Snow White*, only the dog, which he regards with some of the damp-eyed emotionalism of the immortal collie-lover, Albert Payson Terhune, has won his whole-hearted approbation. His hatreds are wide and deep, but not so inclusive as they once were.

Although he used to take an occasional swipe at the wealthy, he is eternally vigilant nowadays in guarding the interests of the oppressed rich. He makes something of a fetish of admiring no man with a social sense more highly developed than that of Tom Girdler, whom he once seriously proposed as the only logical candidate for the job of leading American industry in war time.

For scholars of all descriptions, Pegler has utter contempt, and he has baldly recorded his belief that the Einstein theory may well be a fake since he personally cannot follow its intricacies. All things considered, this is rather tall talk from one whose education ceased in the second year of high school and whose subsequent researches into science have been confined to observing the grapplings and heavings of pugilists, wrestlers and football players. There was a time when Pegler liked to spoof the presumption of the "deep-thinking, hair-trigger columnist or commentator who knows all the answers just off-hand and can settle great affairs with absolute finality three or even six days a week." Currently, however, he takes himself with deadly seriousness, echoing William Randolph Hearst's dislike of "foreigners," as he formerly echoed Roy Howard.

A few weeks ago he wrote with typical graciousness anent the handful of refugees at Oswego, New York, that "our country belongs to us and not to everyone who wants to come in." The same theory, had it been

practised in 1884, might have prevented Pegler's English father from settling and prospering in the United States.

Like many another first-generation American, Pegler seems desperately anxious to prove himself just as 100 per cent as the Lowells and the Cabots. His hatred of all things alien has provoked him into the constant underlining of the fact that Sidney Hillman was born in Lithuania and Justice Felix Frankfurter in Austria. In the Peglerian cosmos the geography of birth takes on an importance that makes any cultural heritage look pale and foolish.

To address an audience that runs to millions of readers of 180 newspapers as Pegler does six days a week takes a lot of temerity. Indeed, it might well give a more modest oracle pause. But Pegler plunges into his work with the confidence of a high-powered drummer setting out to peddle a slick and shiny gadget. The notion that his position as a national commentator carries with it a certain responsibility has apparently never occurred to him. He has summed up his attitude toward his profession with the remark:

"As nearly as I can figure out, this trade began as a sort of journalistic vaudeville intended to entertain the customers and exert a little circulation pull of a slightly higher tone than that of the comics."

As a journalistic vaudevillian Pegler has much to recommend him. He has written shrewd and entertaining parodies of Brisbane, McIntyre, Winchell

and Mrs. Roosevelt, and he has dwelt ingeniously on the sex life of the wisteria. Before he succumbed to profundity, Pegler used to break out every now and then with a boisterous and funny column, as, for instance, the one he wrote last year on perfume. "The names they give these perfumes!" he complained.

Danger and Menace and Surrender and Indiscreet, Possession, L'Ardente Nuit, My Sin, Tailspin, Cobra, Tabu and Chi Chi, "the perfume that whispers 'Love Me' — Witchery in Fragrance to quicken the pulse and lift the heart." Then if some poor stranger gets a chance whiff in some saloon and starts to arch his neck and leer a little, all involuntarily because he is under the spell of sorcery and witchery, she lets out a squawk that she has been insulted and her fellow bats him across the features with a bottle and six bartenders give him a treatment and he lands up against a fire plug.

The colorful hardboiled vernacular that lends vigor to Pegler's prose is especially appropriate to the dispensation of his ideas and he refers to anyone who pitches the level of his thought a trifle higher as "a swanky thinker." For all his vigor, however, he is compelled by the strait-jacket of his belligerent style to maintain a carping attitude that is wearisome to observe day in, day out. This strident monotony of style and subject was largely responsible for his break with the Scripps-Howard newspapers a few months ago. When he left Scripps-Howard to join the menagerie of William Randolph Hearst, Pegler protested his undying affection for Roy Howard and explained that he "got a better job."

The reason he gave for leaving, however, was something less than adequate. No matter how much more Hearst pays him than the annual \$75,000 he formerly earned from Scripps-Howard, he cannot net a great deal of extra cash after taxes. To be featured in the columns of Hearst is, as an old newspaper man like Pegler must know, not half so effective for a columnist as being featured by the Scripps-Howard chain. For all his protests to the contrary, Pegler went to Hearst because he had to. Editors of the Scripps-Howard chain were bored and annoyed with the reiteration day after day of his attacks on labor and the Roosevelt family, which, with their increasing ill-humor, were inevitably creating sympathy for his most frequent victims.

III

If there is an integrity in refusing to grow or expand or adapt, Pegler is full of it. He nurses real and imagined grievances with the pertinacity of a problem child, and he frequently makes it obvious in his writings that he considers himself grossly misunderstood. Once, after a series of columns attacking all unions on the grounds that some of them harbored crooks and shysters, he announced in hurt, unhappy tones that some people just could not seem to understand that the cause of labor was very dear to him.

In 1941 Pegler was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for exposing labor

racketeers. The job he did was noteworthy. He demonstrated to William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, the necessity of cleaning up his organization by bringing to light the extremely unsavory activities of such extortionists as Willie Bioff and George Scalise, and such racketeers as George Browne, whom Green himself had lauded as the head of the International Alliance of Theatre Employees. Pegler's performance added up to a sound piece of investigation of which any reporter could be proud.

But when, intoxicated by his own findings, he began to indict the labor movement *in toto* for the sins of a racketeering minority, he soon got into waters far over his head. His approach to the labor movement was somewhat peculiar. He interested himself only in bad unions on the grounds that well-run unions were only doing what was expected of them and therefore entitled to no notice from him. Finally he reached the conclusion that there probably were no good unions at all. "I simply do not know of any union," he wrote in 1943, "which I could honestly praise as good, although I readily admit that I do not know all about all of them. But not one of the many that I do know about can I indorse if only because they all believe in coercion and force and are subject to no restraining laws."

From this point of view, it was only a short step to Pegler's conviction that the Wagner Act is the prin-

cipal thing dreamed up by the "foreign element" for the benefit of loafers. What the worker really needs, as Pegler sees it, is the right to be a kind of Stahkanovist, untrammelled by union regulations which "retard and restrict the diligent man to the standing of his inferiors." "Unionism" he says, "is European tyranny, lacking only anti-Semitism to equal the hatefulness against which the United States has gone to war." He has never mentioned that this "European tyranny," in spite of abuses, has resulted in better wages and better working conditions for the proletariat, and he is singularly unaware that his constant use of the epithets "alien," "European," and "foreign" give aid and comfort to nationalists like Gerald L. K. Smith, whom he professes to despise.

IV

Pegler loves those who have come up the hard way, and he has written fondly of self-made men — "members of the Horatio Alger school who started from scratch as typical, one-gallus, Whitcomb Riley barefoot boys . . . who are now either rich or quite well-to-do and who got that way playing the game according to the rules which were unanimously recognized and against heavy odds."

When he takes his stand with the opulent go-getters who have struggled to the top of the monetary ladder, Pegler is indulging in a kind of narcissism. His career is patterned not

only on the sturdy lines of an Horatio Alger story, but it also has a carefree jauntiness about it that provoked Katharine Brush a quarter of a century ago to fashion the hero of her novel, *Young Man of Manhattan*, after the youthful Pegler. He was, as Miss Brush saw him, simply a happy-go-lucky reporter. Actually he was much shrewder than she imagined. He was moving onward and upward in the newspaper business with a nice regard for the profitable aspects of his trade. He went into sports writing, where he first gained fame, not because he had any profound interests in the doings of the mute and muscular, but because the field was one in which a reporter could write most nearly as he pleased and earn a fine fat income. The journalistic Pooh-bahs of the era were not the experts in politics and the like; they were sports writers like Damon Runyon, Robert Edgren and Grantland Rice.

The son of Arthur James Pegler, who started out in the New World as a cowboy and wound up as an amiable newspaper legend in his own lifetime, Pegler was born in Minneapolis in 1894, and was hanging around press rooms before he was out of short pants. When his father was transferred to the Chicago staff of the *American*, young "Bud," as Pegler was nicknamed, often ran copy for him or helped the cameramen tote their gear. Writing reminiscently a few years ago, he reported:

Of all the dumb wonderful luck that any newspaper man ever had I think mine has

been the best because I was the son of a newspaper reporter and writer whose exploits around Chicago in the days which Ben Hecht and Maureen Watkins have written about have become standard classics of newspaper shop talk. . . . It was my great luck, also, to maintain relations with none but solvent employers, of whom I have had only three since 1910. These were, consecutively, the United Press, the International News, and the Chicago *Tribune*.

When he joined the United Press in 1912, Pegler fancied himself as a cartoonist as well as a reporter. Pegler's art never made much of an impression (when Tad Dorgan, the famous cartoonist, saw it, he inquired, "Isn't there something else you can do?"), but he made out well as a United Press man. So well that in 1916, after serving the UP in Des Moines, St. Louis and Texas as well as Chicago, he was dubbed a foreign correspondent and shipped off to London. "I was," as he has recalled, "terrible and in trouble all the time. Major-General Sir Frederick F. B. Maurice, the British Chief of Operations, made them quit sending me to his conferences because I always asked questions. I thought a reporter was supposed to."

After having been barred from Sir Frederick's news conferences, Pegler got into further hot water by worming from an aide of Admiral Sims the story of a probable sinking of a German submarine by an American destroyer. At the time, the military authorities were keeping the destruction of German submarines a secret, and Admiral Sims repudiated Pegler's

story, which provided the United Press with a scoop. Pegler hauled out a duplicate of the dispatch, which like the original had been approved by the censor, and advised the Admiral he was sending it to Roy Howard to be passed along to the Secretary of the Navy. Sims cancelled his credentials and put him under military arrest, but the duplicate was sufficient to persuade Josephus Daniels to order him restored to the rank of correspondent.

Transferred to France, he fell into further trouble by trying to smuggle a letter to Roy Howard complaining about the fierce military censorship the United States correspondents had to cope with. General Pershing requested his removal, and he wound up the war by serving a brief hitch in the Navy. It is indicative of Pegler's long memory for insults that he has not stopped seething about his difficulties with Admiral Sims. Only last year he wrote a column about the matter, which concluded: "Admiral Sims went to his grave without making the slightest gesture toward rehabilitating the reputation he had been willing to destroy."

When W. J. Pegler, as the columnist then signed himself, returned from the war, he had some very authoritative notions about the various European nationals. Friends who knew him in those days recall being advised by Pegler that the English were lousy sports, the Italians a weak and unkempt lot, the French a race of petty swindlers, the Germans a crowd

of dummies, and the Russians an unwholesome crew who ought to be left to fight their own battles. His hatred of all things foreign bordered on mania. Headed home in the subway from the United Press, which he rejoined in New York City after coming back from Europe, he would, an associate relates, "thrust his cane like a sword through the extended pages of the *Jewish Daily Forward*, or the *Staats-Zeitung*, or *Il Progresso* as they were being read by polyglot passengers. 'Why don't these dopes learn English?' he would ask. 'They're keeping down circulation.'"

Pegler was then beginning to do a lot for UP circulation. At the suggestion of Floyd Gibbons, who thought a "Pullman car first name" was more impressive in a by-line than a set of initials, he had begun to put "by Westbrook Pegler" on the likeliest sports stories that came over his UP desk. His stuff was droll, salty and iconoclastic, and by 1925 he was sufficiently notable to be hired by the *Chicago Tribune* at double the \$125-a-week salary the United Press had paid him. His copy never came to him easily, and he was often busy sharpening his phrases about some sports event long after his fellow observers had filed their stories and gone home. His industry did not go unrewarded. By 1932 he was earning \$23,000 a year, and filling his column with a variety of subjects, sporting and otherwise. Typical of his style was a piece on an approaching prizefight that began: "Jack Sharkey, the

prizefighter who took up failure as a vocation in life and made a brilliant success of it, is fighting his old friend Tommy Loughran in Philadelphia tonight. There is a contest in which it ought to be possible to stir up the widest disinterest."

More ingenious were unexpected items like the parody of Brisbane, which started off: "Persons aboard this train are going to Los Angeles for the Olympic games. 'Los Angeles' means 'the angels' in Spanish. Study Spanish. Plato said, 'No man can know too much knowledge.'" In the *Tribune* Pegler always appeared on the sports page no matter what he wrote. But in 1933 he was promoted to the feature page when Roy Howard persuaded him to join up with the Scripps-Howard United Feature Syndicate.

V

Pegler's qualifications as a national columnist consisted of a vigorous style, an unorthodox approach, and a gaudy sense of humor. His ability to excite attention revealed itself in his third column for Scripps-Howard, which was the one in praise of lynching. The outcries over his remarks made him something of a national figure, and he made a point of refusing to alter his opinion. "As one member of the rabble," he wrote a few years after his lynching piece had been printed, "I will admit that I said, 'Fine, that is swell' when the papers came up that day, telling of the

lynching of the two men who killed the young fellow in California, and that I haven't changed my mind yet for all the storm of right-mindedness which has blown up since." Perhaps just to show that he wasn't in a rut, Pegler later indignantly denounced a lynch mob operating in Florida.

During Roosevelt's first administration, he disliked practically everything the New Dealers disliked and was quite harsh with the wealthy. Under the head, "Communist Propagandists," he wrote:

They will not realize as much, but Barbara Hutton, Tommy Manville, Billy Leeds, the current Marshall Field and about a hundred upper and lower case Astors, Vanderbilts and Goulds and their in-laws and offshoots have been the most powerful propagandists of all in the preparation of that which the public calls its mind for Roosevelt's plan to soak the rich.

The liberal tone of his dispatches increased when he went to Europe in 1935. He was, in fact, so gratifyingly anti-Nazi that he was a hero even to the Communist press, and on his return the *Daily Worker* quoted him liberally. In an interview with one Blaine Owen, he was reported to have said:

Fascist tendencies are popping up everywhere and I don't want to pull any punches on that stuff. I'm against Fascism in any garb they put it. . . . You can take that any way you want 'cause that includes the despotism of your Raskobs, your duPonts, Hearst or who-have-you. I'm not a Communist and I'm not for Communism. But this idea of forming a Farmer-Labor party to put through real social legislation and progressive policies in government is okay.

Preoccupied with the Fascists, Pegler's dislike for Communism did not jell into fixation until he started to squabble with the Newspaper Guild, loudly denouncing it as Communist-dominated. A sympathetic friend has pointed out that Pegler "joined the Guild under the impression it was to be similar to a British newspaper craft guild, the members of which were to maintain certain standards of workmanship as well as solidarity in working conditions. Pegler soon discovered that it was a union in the American sense, and that it was CIO-Communist-dominated, and furthermore that ethics and honest craftsmanship had nothing to do with the Guild. So he resigned."

Nobody would deny that the Communists were trying to get a stranglehold on the Newspaper Guild in 1937, but Pegler continued to whale away at the outfit as Communist even after the rank and file took the upper hand. When Guildsmen began to fight with him — most ineffectually — he concentrated all his spleen upon the union and presently found wrath enough to spare for the entire labor movement. Today he regards labor as his especial field, and when he is asked why he does not cover the sins of business too, he replies: "As to the anti-social policies and practices in business the answer is that I think these are pretty well covered by legal

forbiddance, and that the study of union practices is a full-time job for any man who tries it."

The evolution of Westbrook Pegler from police reporter to national seer makes a fine saga of journalistic success. But for all his present eminence, he is, at fifty, pretty much the same as he was when he was just a legman. He still views the world as a kind of police reporter's beat, populated by ward-heelers, labor fakers, kindly shopkeepers, nosey welfare workers, rival gangs, bums and a few brash and clever fellows moving nimbly about wearing badges inscribed with the magic word: Press. In this Peglerian microcosm, the President of the United States may be one of the ward-heelers, or Senator Robert Wagner one of the labor fakers, or Tom Girdler one of the kindly shopkeepers, or Harry Hopkins one of the nosey welfare workers, or a whole civilization one of the rival gangs, or almost anybody a bum.

In his interminable discussions of the New Deal and the labor movement, he renders his opinions as confidently as if they were Papal Bulls. His ideas today are uniformly reactionary and moth-eaten, but they are still potent. He can still command a lot of attention, even though his pedestal is labeled "Hearst." It is a shame that he ever vacated the sports department.



THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Critical Potpourri

Small Change. — In a pamphlet dealing with the history of theatrical entertainment in Seattle and published by the University of Washington I find these reflections on acting, quoted from an article by the critic for *Every Sunday* of Tacoma and dated December 26, 1891:

When an actress has something particular to confide to her papa or mamma, it would be the height of ill-manners did she not crouch down on the floor by the side of her parent.

When an actor enters into confidential conversation with another actor, it is the proper thing for him to hang his leg over the back of a chair, with his foot resting on its seat.

When an actor walks into the room represented on the stage and gawks at the pictures on the wall, you may know he is a sheriff's officer. If his hat is of remote vintage and he persists in keeping it on his head, you may safely set him down as the latter.

There are various other comments of a piece. Since much the same devices have been on view lately on the New York stage, either the stage of Tacoma, for all the irony of the critic quoted, was fifty-three years ahead of its time or the present New York stage is fifty-three years behind its.

Movies And Stage. — When a beautiful young screen actress ages there are only two roads open to her: either retirement, forced or voluntary, or more or less low-comedy rôles which are insulting to her persistent adorable picture of herself. When, on the other hand, a beautiful young stage actress grows older, the loss of her beauty means little and her career may continue on its path without change. There is not, I believe, a single former film beauty now in her early fifties who, if she has a job at all, isn't condemned to rôles designed to make movie audiences laugh. On the other hand, there are any number of formerly lovely ladies of fifty and sixty on the stage today who are far from being cruelly peddled to the trade as clowns.

* * *

Entrechât. — The spectacle of a college professor-critic trying to be one of the boys has always been one of the most diverting acts on the bill of our national vaudeville. But it has seldom since been so amusing as the performance of the late Prof. Brander Matthews. Not only did he come out on the critical stage in a red undershirt and baggy pants and proclaim the Irish comedian, Ned Harrigan, a

blood-brother to Molière but, before the stamps and whistles ended, sprang this personal nifty: "An American professor of dramatic literature, whenever he came to discuss the lyrical burlesques of Aristophanes, was in the habit of sending his whole class to Weber and Fields that his students might see for themselves the nearest modern analogy to the robust fancies of the great Greek humorist."

* * *

Novelist Versus Dramatist. — A novelist may introduce his hero in any manner whatever with no worry over his readers. A dramatist, on the other hand, must often arbitrarily take his audiences into concerned consideration. To give just one example out of many, it would be next to impossible for a playwright to introduce his hero by having him rush onto the stage with the words, "Quick! There's not a moment to lose!" Since his hero in all likelihood would be cast with a more or less prominent actor he would have to figure on the audience applause which would greet his first entrance and which would hold up the stage and make the speech ridiculous. The laugh which would inevitably follow would obviously ruin not only the moment but the action immediately following.

* * *

Phenomenon. — *Bloomer Girl* is the only musical show within the memory of the oldest living critic that has scored a big popular success without containing, by common consent, so much as a single funny line.

Bores. — The worst of all bores encountered by a dramatic critic is the one who approaches him after the first act and asks him what he thinks of the play. My own usual retort to any such ass is to inquire of him in turn what he thinks of a dinner after the oysters.

* * *

Blinkers. — In real life any woman who sought to express her rapt interest in a man's words by blinking her eyes throughout his conversation would be put down by him as a transparent idiot. On the stage she is customarily regarded by the reviewers as either a delightful ingénue with a very promising future or as an actress of more mature years who has remarkably retained her youthfulness and girlish charm.

* * *

Vaudeville. — A form of entertainment, very popular in its lifetime, that lingers on today in terms of taxidermy.

* * *

Historical Note. — It is generally overlooked by historians of the theatre that variety theatres in their earlier day were shunned by respectable women as if they were so many houses of ill-fame. It was Tony Pastor who rid them of their prejudice, not by changing materially the form of stage entertainment but by bribing them into his theatre with prizes of half-barrels of flour, half-tons of coal, and fancy dress patterns. The erstwhile aloof girls flocked to his playhouse in droves and his theatre soon became so

packed with them that he had to add some sixty extra chairs to accommodate the overflow.

* * *

In Memoriam. — The late Florenz Ziegfeld, on one of his visits to Hollywood, and bereft, as usual, of personal funds, borrowed a considerable sum of money from a New York friend who had accompanied him on the trip and spent every cent of it on an elaborate dinner party, candelabra, footmen and all, to which he invited the bigwigs of the film community. After it was over, his friend, not without indignation, demanded to know why he had borrowed all that money for any such purpose. "Oh," drawled Ziegfeld, "I just wanted to show those rich, cheap bastards how to live."

* * *

The Golden Yesterday. — Samples of play and musical show titles in the grand past era of the theatre: *A Little Ray Of Sunshine*, *Hearts Are Trumps*, *Woman And Wine*, *Fiddle-dee-dee*, *Hodge, Podge and Co.*, *Nell Go In* (a burlesque of *Nell Gwyn*), *Miss Prinnt*, *My Lady Dainty*, *Sweet And Twenty*, *Hearts Aflame*, *The Bold Sojer Boy*, *Whoop-Dee-Doo*, *John Ermine Of The Yellowstone*, *Saucy Sally*, *Jack's Little Surprise*, *A Passion In The Suburb*, *Twiddle-Twaddle*, *What The Butler Saw*, *Mrs. Wilson*, *That's All*, and *A Knight For A Day*.

* * *

Scratched Starters. — It is time, one thinks, for playwrights to call it a day on first curtains which rise on:

1. An empty stage designed simply to provide the audience with a little more time to get seated or, if seated, to applaud the scenery.

2. A character alone on the stage slowly removing his or her gloves, etc., and aimlessly scrutinizing the flowers on the piano, the ornaments on the mantelpiece, etc., to the same audience-seating end.

3. A blaring radio, with one of the youngsters of the household dashing in to shut it off.

4. A butler ushering in a visitor with the observation, "The master will be only a moment."

5. A star actor or actress seated in a big chair near the fireplace with its back to the audience, emerging when another character enters the room, and thus guaranteeing him or herself the theoretically surprised audience's applause.

6. A servant walking slowly through the narrow hallway upstage on the way to answering the doorbell.

7. "Your name, please." — "Just tell Mrs. So-and-So that an old friend is waiting."

8. A female character seated languidly on a divan and talking into a French telephone.

9. Two perspiring workmen carrying in a heavy trunk, inquiring of the maidservant where it is to be put and, upon her direction to take it upstairs, dropping it onto the floor momentarily and glowering.

10. Entrance into the room of a breezy female with a "Halloo! Is anybody at home?"

11. A character walking nervously to and fro. The closing of the front door is heard. "Is that you, Donald?" — "Yes." — "Thank God, you've come!"

12. "It is just after dinner. The characters come into the drawing-room chatting gaily and laughing."

* * *

The Word. — I recently received an inquiry from one of our playwrights as to which word, among all those in the English language, I considered the most exact in describing the thing it stood for. I nominated *hiccup*.

* * *

Reward For Virtue. — Herewith, the income for the last recorded year of various Hollywood magnificoes as recently reported by the Treasury Department, along with the corresponding largest income in any one year, in American dollars, of various loafers:

Louis B. Mayer, \$1,138,922 William Shakespeare, \$1,114.
Walter F. Wanger, \$710,372 Wolfgang A. Mozart, \$2,300.

Nicholas M. Schenck, \$512,291
George Washington, \$22,500.
Abbott and Costello, \$789,628
Alexander Salvini, \$23,510.

Deanna Durbin, \$282,250 Adelina Patti, \$42,000.

Joan Crawford, \$194,615 Eleonora Duse, \$21,480.

William Powell, \$251,250 Diego Velasquez, \$9,200.

Brian Donlevy, \$141,250 Feodor M. Dostoievski, \$2,310.

Tommy Dorsey, \$165,817 Thomas Paine, \$750.

Irene Dunne, \$200,000 Jane Austen, \$2,915.

Spencer Tracy, \$219,871 August Wilhelm Schlegel, \$3,016.

Brian Aherne, \$144,958 Auguste Rodin, \$9,000.

Robert Taylor, \$176,983 Robert E. Lee, \$9,200.

Greer Garson, \$159,083 Johann Sebastian Bach, \$5,215.

* * *

Happy Ending. — It significantly remains that 95 per cent of the fifty straight plays which have achieved the longest runs in our modern American theatre have had so-called happy endings.



Soldiers —

We are like cloaks, — one thinks of us only when it rains.

— MARSHAL MAURICE SAXE

THE DOVE OF WAR

BY SAMUEL TENENBAUM

AND the dove came to him in the evening; and lo, in her mouth was an olive leaf plucked off: so Noah knew that the waters were abated from off the earth."

This is the first recorded use of the bird as messenger. Since then, in war and in peace, in ancient times and in modern, man has relied on the pigeon to speed vital information. The homing pigeon kept Alexander the Great's capital informed of the progress of his conquests. Pigeons campaigned with Cyrus the Younger, with Hannibal, with Scipio. They flew the results of the Olympic games to all corners of Greece. They carried the message of Brutus in 43 B.C. pleading with Octavius in Rome to send him reinforcements to break through the besieging armies of Anthony.

In the First Crusade, the Christians discovered that the Saracens regularly employed pigeons to transmit information. The Crusaders countered this strategy by training falcons to capture them and brought back to Western Europe the idea of using birds as messengers.

In the sixteenth century, there

were pigeon postal services the public could use for a fee. In the eighteenth century, Nathan Rothschild hired agents to follow Napoleon's armies and send back reports by means of pigeons, thus enabling him to make one speculative gain after another, since the stock market has always been influenced by the trends of war. Reuter's, the British news agency, earned the reputation for rapid transmission of news by using pigeons. These birds were the carriers in the first authorized regular modern airmail. A company known as the Great Barrier Pigeongram Service, operated between Auckland, New Zealand and Great Barrier Island, 65 miles to the west, in the late nineties — and until radio spanned the distance. In recent years, until it turned them over to the Army, the *New York Journal-American* had pigeons carrying photographic negatives from incoming ships or out-of-the-way places.

The military value of the pigeon was clearly demonstrated during the Franco-Prussian War in 1870. Besieged Paris, cut off from the world, managed to prevent isolation and

SAMUEL TENENBAUM was a reporter for the *New York World* and the *New York American*. He has contributed to a wide variety of publications, such as the *Nation* and the *Journal of Applied Psychology*.

maintained communication with the outside world by pigeons which regularly brought in and out microphotographic military dispatches, letters and even newspapers. The attacking Germans adopted the tactics of the Crusaders and met the problem with pursuing hawks. Despite this, more than 115,000 messages were delivered by this route. Since the Franco-Prussian War, all nations of any consequence have relied on pigeons as vital links of communication.

In World War I, 211 pigeons were cited officially. The most famous of these, of course, was "Cher Ami." She rescued the Lost Battalion "whose runners had been shot down, whose location was in doubt, whose communications had been cut off." On the little capsule attached to "Cher Ami's" leg, Major Whittlesey wrote: "We are along the road parallel 276.4. Our own artillery is dropping a barrage directly upon us. For heaven's sake stop."

"Cher Ami" flew through a severe artillery barrage. Suddenly her small body fell to the ground. Her feathers were streaked with blood; she was wounded, but she managed to rise in the air, found her way to her loft and then she collapsed. Her leg had been shot away and a bullet had gone through her breast. She died soon after and her body was stuffed and mounted on a plaque which is now in the National Museum in Washington. Near the mounted one-legged bird lies the breast bone—with a bullet hole straight through its center.

II

In World War II, pigeons have piled up a record for bravery, courage and reliability. They have flown as far as 1,000 miles in two days, and have established records of more than 75 miles an hour. On a flight of 400 miles they easily average 40 to 45 m.p.h., a faster pace than an automobile in traffic. On the battlefield they have delivered 96 out of 100 messages, often proving more reliable than radio, telegraph or human runners. They are game and persevering, and will fly through artillery barrages, ack-ack, poison gas, and over enemy snipers. When mortally wounded they will continue in their course until they fall dead.

In every airplane, two to four homing pigeons have a perch. In the event that the plane crash-lands at sea or in some remote friendly territory, the survivors write their location, release the pigeons and the birds do the rest. During one six-month period for the RAF they delivered 302 of 320 messages, and in a three-month period saved for that service sixty pilots. The British estimate that out of every seven RAF men rescued after being forced down at sea his life to a pigeon messenger.

Typical is the rescue of the crew of a disabled bomber in the Mediterranean Sea during the Sicilian campaign. Before their plane sank, the men wirelessed their position and were picked up by a dinghy. They were certain to take with them their w

basket containing a pair of homing pigeons. It proved a wise precaution. A storm broke out, drastically altering their position. As they drifted they released the pigeons with their new position and in a short time the men saw a rescue plane hovering over them.

"Winkie," the pet of the crew of an ill-fated Beaufort forced down at sea, broke out of her cage before a message could be attached. She reached her loft wet and oil-stained. With knowledge of the pigeon's cruising speed the rescuers were able to find the lost men within twenty minutes.

A pigeon was the first to report the Allied landing at Dieppe, a distance of 27 miles covered in 32 minutes.

On Guadalcanal, "Blackie Halligan" was released with an important message. Almost immediately, the bird was brought to earth by enemy fire. Yet despite this, "Blackie," wounded, maimed and bloody, returned five hours later with the message.

"Blackie" flew in ugly weather, over forests, dead villages and artillery, a distance of 90 miles in 75 minutes, to report to the men the good news that United States troops had recaptured Gafsa. A communique issued on the same day inland, General Mark Clark said in a series of pigeon messages to the captain of a patrol out in the Fifth Army. The first one was surrounded on three sides." The second one said: "I'm attacking."

The last one said: "I've broken through."

During the months when England was threatened with invasion, the home patrols watched for enemy parachute jumpers with wicker baskets containing homing birds which could be released with military information. Once a large passenger ship, part of a convoy, was moving out of British waters into the Atlantic when the captain noticed a pigeon flying out of a porthole. He suspected that a spy was at work and immediately tightened his defenses. A few hours later — just long enough for the bird to fly to land and for airplanes to retrace its journey — three Nazi bombers struck the convoy.

III

Pigeons are serving in every branch of the armed services: the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard; in airplanes and in submarines. They are also faithfully serving the FBI, helping apprehend enemy agents.

Homing pigeons of the U. S. Army Signal Corps are pedigreed birds with reputations as racing champions. When the United States began to prepare for war, President Roosevelt issued a call for volunteers through the two main United States associations, the American Racing Pigeon Union and the International Federation of American Homing Pigeon Fanciers, who maintain registers (all birds are known by numbers until they become prize winners) and in general supervise rac-

ing events. Practically all of the 20,000 United States pigeon fanciers responded generously, and with these ornithological bluebloods as a base, the Signal Corps organized and trained the most reliable communication link in modern warfare.

Training for an Army pigeon begins at the age of about four weeks. The bird is first introduced into the spotless loft with all compartments closed except the one that the pigeoneer wants the newcomer to occupy. Once the pigeon has made a choice, he abides by that and no one can move him. In the first stage of the training the pigeon is taken a few feet from its loft, while the Army pigeoneer inside rattles a tin cup full of grain. This is repeated until the association between food and loft becomes indelibly fixed. By the end of a week the young pigeon will fly back to its loft from a five-mile distance. On entrance to the loft it is immediately fed, for the pigeoneer is constantly trying to strengthen the automatic association of the loft and food. As the training proceeds, the pigeons are taken distances of more than 100 miles from the loft and released.

The next step is to train the pigeon to return to an ambulatory loft. When the pigeon is released, his motorized home may be ten or fifteen miles from its original site. A pigeon does not require a stationary loft, but he does need sufficiently distinguishing characteristics to recognize it.

Later his mate is introduced. It does not take long — there is no competi-

tion — for the male to discover that this is the female he has dreamed about all his life. The really vigorous training begins after mating, for the pigeons are exceptionally devoted parents. They cannot rush back sufficiently fast to see how their squabs are doing. At this stage, they may be sent out on flights of 500 to 1,000 miles.

No one knows exactly how they manage to fly so unerringly to their base. "It is probably about half 'instinct' and half intelligence, for the pigeon is the most intelligent of birds," says Major Otto Meyer, in charge of the Army Pigeon Service.

"Homers will endure over fifteen hours of sustained flight to reach their home loft; they will cover the distance from Washington, D. C., to Chicago in thirteen hours, faster than train time. They will fly at a mile-a-minute clip, doing 75 miles an hour at their best. They will not stop for gale, storm, or lightning, but will over and above atmospheric distances."

The world's record for distance was established by a homesci Miss 1303, purchased by a V lan. Something displeased M possibly the climate or the ne In May, 1930, she escape flying 3,000 miles over m rivers and forests, dodging h storms, she landed on her c Island loft in August. One released in Havana on July arrived five days later in Ba Maryland, 1,300 miles away.

IV

"Why do they fly home? Pigeons are almost human in their habits and desires," says Major Meyer. "They know that food awaits them at home; also shelter and rest and the attention of their master. But most important, their mates are there. The pigeon will remain loyal to one mate throughout life unless forcibly separated. Also he will live in one loft all his life unless changed."

Although they fly rapidly and unerringly, pigeons do not ordinarily fly at night. At sunset, they find a place to roost. Our Army pigeoneers have found a way to overcome this, and for the first time in all the history of pigeon flying, an Army homer can deliver a message by night as well as by day. The training for this feat begins as much as two weeks in advance. The pigeons are kept in darkened lofts and released only at twilight.

After a while they are released before dawn and they learn that they fly long enough the sun will be up. Eventually they make whole

In a complete darkness, finding disconcert by a soft blue light.

her accomplishment of Army formers is the training of homers this send a message and to return to intercept loft. "Mister Corrigan," western at Fort Monmouth, N. J., pigeon his way to four officers

By awaiting his arrival at a cross-

road in the outskirts of Freehold, twelve airplane miles away. He entered a small container and five minutes later he was on the way to Fort Monmouth with a return message." "Mister Corrigan" had become the first two-way pigeon.

The development of night-flying and two-way flying is regarded as a unique contribution to pigeoneering that has not been paralleled in the last two thousand years. The British have also perfected a valuable technique. They parachute a wicker basket with homing pigeons on friendly territory overrun by the enemy. Within each basket is a message asking sympathetic French, Dutch, Czechs, Belgians, etc., for definite information valuable to the Allies. Many an ammunition dump, war factory and air-drome is now a heap of rubble because of information pigeons have brought back.

So highly do the British regard the bird that they have engaged experts to hunt the hitherto protected falcon, the pigeon's traditional enemy. In the nest of a hawk they killed, hunters in Scotland found dozens of tiny leg-ring containers.

As a French general once observed in an appreciative tribute to the homing pigeon: "No wires to string, no big plants, no necessity for lives lost as linesmen work under fire — and no expense. All he asks is a little affection and a few handfuls of corn."

SA

A₁





What's this new word *Chēm'ō thēr'a pē*

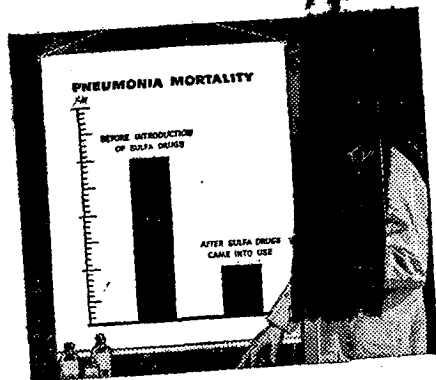
Medical science is full of strange and unusual words.

One of the most exciting is "chemo-therapy." As it may mean a lot to you—you might like to know more about it,

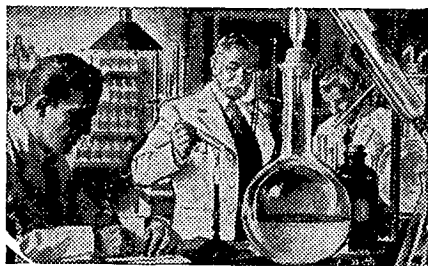
effective practice began soon with the discovery of salva

2. For the 20 years after that research

1. Many of our badly wounded soldiers, sailors, and marines, owe their lives to new drugs...sulfa and penicillin...which have had spectacular success against perils like gangrene, terrible burns, and blood poisoning. Chemo-therapy—which takes advantage of the effects of chemical action upon body tissues and invading bacteria—is ages old in theory. But its modern, most



brought no striking discoveries. Then a strange chain of events revealed that a patented dye possessed a life-saving element. And so, the sulfonamide drugs were made available to the world. In the less than ten years they have been in common use, they have saved countless lives. Some forms of meningitis, streptococcic infections, and other dread diseases, including the common forms of pneumonia, have met a powerful adversary.



3. You know the dramatic story of the next discovery, penicillin. Although not

strictly a chemical, it attacks some of the same germs as the sulfa drugs—and others against which these drugs have little or no success. But the search for other “specific” chemicals is far from over. Medical scientists constantly seek to improve existing ones and find new germ-fighting elements. There must be long and careful experiments for each discovery, for sometimes the “germ-poison” is poisonous to the human body, too.

4. But chemotherapy is no cure-all. Because it does so much to reduce the deadliness of some of our worst diseases, some people may expect it to perform miracles. It must always be remembered that these chemicals should not be used without sound medical advice, otherwise there may be detrimental results. But chemotherapy, rightly used, is a tremendous gift of medical science to our civilization.

NATIONAL PUBLIC HEALTH NURSING DAY—JAN. 26

Know Your Public Health Nurse—Who she is, what she does. She is your friend in sickness and in health. If you wish to know more about her and her services, ask the National Organization for Public Health Nursing, 1790 Broadway, New York 19, New York.

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THE SCIENCE OF MAKING SENSE

BY RUDOLF FLESCH

ONE sure way of making an American audience laugh is to use the language of the United States Government. Just say "Notwithstanding the exceptions hereinafter provided" and people start grinning, all prepared to enjoy a fresh piece of genuine Washington Gobbledygook.

Why is Federalese so funny? Simply because nobody can understand it and nobody talks that way. It's a kind of speech disorder; it's comical in the same way as stammering or a "Rooshan" accent. In other words, we laugh at Washington bureaucrats because those poor people can't talk like the rest of us.

But we don't just laugh at stammerers: we treat and cure them. And we may joke about foreign accents, but we also have speech correction classes, taught by specialists. Then why don't we apply science to Gobbledygook, too? Why do we fight it with inter-office memos, like Mr. Maury Maverick, or call for a change in the Administration, like Governor Dewey? If there is to be a simplified Government-language, it will, like all

other nationally used American products, come out of the research laboratory. You want a streamlined Federal language? Well, here is a classic American recipe: put the problem up to a few scientists and let them tinker with verbs and nouns until they hit upon a solution.

The odd thing is that this kind of research has been going on for years. Of course, it wasn't the Government that sponsored it; it was done inconspicuously by educational researchers and psychologists, people who work on the grading of textbooks and methods of teaching children how to read. Among them, they assembled a staggering amount of word counts and sentence measurements; and, what is important, their work can easily be applied to the simplification of English for grown-ups. Here, for instance, is a formula for eliminating Gobbledygook which I fashioned out of experiments with children's reading tests: (1) Cut the average sentence in half (20 instead of 40 words); (2) Cut the number of prefixes and suffixes in half (one for every fourth word instead of

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every second); (3) Make each sentence personal (We, the Government, talking to You, the citizen).

Sounds fine in theory; but can it be done? A half a year ago, when OPA hired me as a language psychologist to write simplified trade bulletins, I was not too sure. I realized, of course, that price-regulation language is complex because of the complexity of price control itself; and it didn't take me long to find out that it is actually impossible to cover a whole industry with a regulation that is simple. It may fit the needs of 85 per cent; but there will always be 15 per cent who are new to the business or have special problems, and must be taken care of by a large assortment of added provisos and exceptions.

There is another good reason for all the legal phrases that make regulations so hard for a layman to read. Such phrasing has stood up in the courts for hundreds of years as the surest way to avoid loopholes. So they are not only the safest words to use for Government regulations. They are also the most familiar to the businessman's lawyer.

On the other hand, OPA has already gone farther than any other Washington agency in simplifying its language. Its lawyers and writers have surprised the nation with ration books and instructions that every housewife can understand.

Well, if things like that can be done with the official text of the regulations, why not write explanatory trade bulletins and use colloquial, every-day

language throughout? The way I figured was this: the Census says that the average adult American has eight and one-half grades of education back of him. So, to be on the safe side, our bulletins should be written for seventh-graders and in the style of, say, a sports article in a newspaper.

My system of translating price regulations into sports-article English seems to work. Every one of my colloquial sentences has been cleared and passed by at least three lawyers, leaving no doubt that the bulletins check with the regulations in every respect. Of course, I don't mean to say that I follow my formula in every sentence or every paragraph; but it serves as a general guide and, as far as I can see, it does the trick.

Here is, for instance, a fairly typical sentence from a regulation:

The maximum price charged by each seller and entered in his textile reference book shall in no instance be altered except that should the seller have erroneously computed the price for an item entered in such book, the seller's local War Price and Rationing Board may, after having received a written statement of the fact from the seller, if satisfied that the entry was the result of a miscalculation, authorize such seller to change the entry to correspond with the maximum price which he is authorized to charge in accordance with this regulation.

Translated into sports-article (or trade-bulletin) English, this reads:

You must not change any price you put down in your textile reference book. However, you can file with your War Price and Rationing Board a statement that you made a mistake. If you did, they will tell

you to change the price in your book to the ceiling price set by this regulation.

Another sample:

Unless the Office of Price Administration or an authorized representative thereof shall, by letter mailed to the applicant within twenty-one days from the date of filing the application, disapprove the maximum price as reported, such price shall be deemed to have been approved, subject to non-retroactive written disapproval or adjustment at any later time by the Office of Price Administration.

Translated into English, this means:

You must wait twenty-one days before you can charge the ceiling price you applied for. OPA can always change that price. If they do, they will write you a letter.

II

Naturally, I have learned quite a few things about legal English in my job. There are certain tricks of translation I now use almost automatically, such as throwing out practically every "such" or "which," or turning verbal nouns, like "approval" or "determination," back into verbs. Another of my trade secrets is that I always put the rule before the exception (in law it's mostly the other way around). Here is an exception-before-the-rule paragraph from a regulation:

The maximum price for any second-hand machine . . . shall be the higher of the following, but shall not exceed 80 per cent of the new base price for such machine:

- (1) 55 per cent of the new base price for such machine . . . or
- (2) the price determined in accordance with the depreciation method . . .

You see what happened? The lawyer who wrote this put the exception

(55 per cent) in front, and now the regulation says plainly that 55 per cent shall never exceed 80 per cent. If you write this by the rule-before-the-exception method, it will read:

Figure the ceiling price for a second-hand machine . . . by the depreciation method, but don't charge more than 80 per cent of the new base price for it. As long as you don't charge more than 55 per cent of the new base price, you need not bother with the depreciation method.

Another of my rules-of-thumb is to convert all negative statements into positive ones. For instance:

Sale at wholesale means a sale of corn in less than carload quantity by a person other than one acting in the capacity of a producer or country shipper to (1) any person other than a feeder; or (2) a feeder in quantities of 30,000 pounds or more.

Which means:

Sales at wholesale are sales of less than a carload of corn by anyone except producers and country shippers. However, sales of less than 30,000 pounds to feeders are sales at retail.

Then, there is the matter of definitions. Some people think that all legal definitions are funny; but that's going too far. I wouldn't touch an honest, scientific definition like this:

T-bone steak means steak cut from that portion of a short loin extending from a point opposite the center of the fourth lumbar vertebrae to a point opposite the juncture of the first and second lumbar vertebrae.

But I would, and did, rewrite the following legal definition of an ultimate consumer of eggs:

Ultimate consumer means a person or group of persons, generally constituting a

domestic household, who purchase eggs generally at the individual stores of retailers or purchase and receive deliveries of eggs at the place of abode of the individual or domestic household from producers or retail route sellers and who use such eggs for their consumption as food.

Here is my version:

Ultimate consumers are people who buy eggs to eat them.

Sometimes, of course, it's not easy to spot just what's wrong with a sentence. Frankly, I don't know what makes this one so baffling:

For any car sold after the six months period described in paragraph (a) (beginning on July 10, 1944, and ending on January 9, 1945) has expired, the seller must figure the maximum price as in paragraph (a), except that he must subtract from it 4 per cent of the total of the base price and the equipment allowance, if any, for each half year after such six months period up to and including the half year containing the day of sale.

Anyway, this is what I wrote:

From January 10, 1945, on, subtract 4 per cent of the base price plus equipment allowance; from July 10, 1945, on, subtract another 4 per cent; and so on by half-year periods.

III

Sometimes, when I am in a very optimistic mood, I think that this translating job of mine has a great future. After all, if my formula produces readable OPA bulletins, why not use the same technique for other Government publications? Maybe the time will come when all Federal agencies will officially hire translators; maybe some day the Civil Service

Commission will appoint Government writers only after examinations in linguistics and educational psychology; maybe Congress will pass a law that all Government publications must be tested for eighth-grade readability. And maybe the next generation won't have to suffer through:

Section 736 (a) provides that in the case of any taxpayer computing income from installment sales under the method provided by section 44 (a), if such taxpayer establishes, in accordance with regulations prescribed by the Commissioner with the approval of the Secretary, that the average volume of credit extended to purchasers on the installment plan in the four taxable years preceding the first taxable year beginning after December 31, 1941, was more than 125 per cent of the volume of such credit extended to such purchasers in the taxable year, or the average outstanding installment accounts receivable at the end of each of the four taxable years preceding the first taxable year beginning after December 31, 1941, was more than 125 per cent of the amount of such accounts, receivable at the end of the taxable year, or if the taxpayer was not in existence for four previous taxable years, the taxable years during which the taxpayer was in existence, in either case including only such years for which the income was computed under the method provided in section 44 (a), it may elect, in its excess profits tax return for the taxable year, to compute, in accordance with regulations prescribed by the Commissioner with the approval of the Secretary, its income from installment sales on the basis of the taxable period for which such income is accrued, in lieu of the basis provided by section 44 (a).

I would rather not translate this one. I have a hunch the Internal Revenue Bureau doesn't care for that sort of thing.

A MERCURY SURVEY OF OPINION LEADERS

BY EDWARD L. BERNAYS

IN A preview of American public opinion, published in the March 1944 AMERICAN MERCURY, I attempted by querying representative group leaders and opinion-molders throughout the country, to evaluate the trends of public opinion and action in the following six months; and to interpret and project them into the future. The test was made in the belief that the views of group leaders and opinion-molders today are likely to be the pattern of popular thought tomorrow, and that a synthesis of their views is a fair indication of the direction in which we are travelling.

The results of our survey proved to be remarkably accurate. Public opinion and events took place according to expectation. I have completed a new survey to try to forecast public opinion on major issues, arising out of present events and in some cases to forecast events themselves. This article gives in broad outline the results of our latest survey.

We queried a substantial and representative number of group leaders and opinion-molders. An astounding

percentage answered. These men and women reflect the thought of the country in education, commerce and industry, banking and finance, press and radio, government service, labor, agriculture, professional and other vocational interests, and social welfare including many organizations and associations with millions of followers.

Here are the conclusions to be drawn from this study:

The American people will join a post war union of nations;

With victory, America and her Allies will occupy a conquered Germany and Japan until they become economically sound and politically democratic;

America believes it will not enter another war until at least twenty-five years from now;

Americans think that Presidential tenure should be limited by law;

Postwar taxes should be levied on all income groups, and distributed proportionately;

Wartime controls should be continued in the postwar period, primarily on necessary goods, through minimum wage laws, and wage ceilings;

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Reconversion should be handled by both government and private industry, and not by government alone;

In the light of current political, economic and social trends, the United States will move in the next ten years towards a mixed economy, increasing cooperative interest and control by both government and private industry;

The people will demand a law requiring confirmation of treaties by a majority vote of both houses of Congress;

We will have compulsory military training for young men after the war — but on the question of a national service of men and women a forecast is difficult because we are divided.

II

To a question of primary importance to all Americans, *Should the United States join a postwar union of nations?* 96.2 per cent of the answers, an overwhelming vote cutting across all regional and other lines, definitely favored our participation in such a world union.

Out from Kansas, for instance, comes the warning, "Unless we do organize the world thus, the present war may as well continue indefinitely without an armistice."

A Santa Barbara, California, newspaper editor adds, "But it's all academic and doesn't really matter unless we are willing to pay the price of peace, which is economic adjustment and a Christian spirit."

Getting down to more detailed issues, 36.9 per cent thought that the

"big four" (USA, Great Britain, Russia and China) should dominate, as against a bare 9.6 per cent willing to give equal representation to all member nations regardless of population and territory.

Typical of the comments was that of a Chicago physician: "All games need an umpire." "Why not be realistic? That will happen anyway," says the publisher of a Pennsylvania paper.

And at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, an eminent educator observes, "The 'big four' will do as they please. The best we can do is hope it will please them to act sensibly. Exactly what is sensible isn't so clear as many of us think."

Only 44.1 per cent supported the use of group military force against aggression — and only 9.2 per cent were willing to give the "big four" the right to veto military action should one of their own number be proved an aggressor.

To the question, *Do you think the United States is apt to be engaged in another war in the next 5, 10, 15, or 25 years?* only one half of our respondents answered. Of these, 78.05 per cent believed that another war would not come before 25 years, 12.08 per cent in 15 years, 7.5 per cent in 10 years, and 2.2 per cent in 5 years. There were many who said that a response would depend upon the success of a union of nations or that they would prefer thinking in terms of peace rather than to be committed on the possibility of another war.

The hopes and fears of the people,

in fact, much more than their opinions, served to dominate their response to this question, but more prominent were the suggestions that thinking of any possibility of war should be abandoned in preference to planning, and a sense of determination to secure peace. "Stop talking about war, work for peace," was the general opinion.

To the question, *Do you favor a change in the law requiring Senate confirmation of foreign treaties by a 2/3 vote?* the tide ran strongly in favor of balancing executive and legislative authority, and called for broader public participation and representation in whatever foreign commitments we may make. A South Dakota editor's reminder, "A few Senators cheated us after World War I," and a Hartford, Connecticut, educator's comment, "The more people to decide, the less international skullduggery," were evidently in the thoughts of the 62.7 per cent who wanted to change the present law which requires only Senate confirmation. Specifically 80.7 per cent of the leaders want this changed to a requirement for a majority vote of both houses of Congress as against 19.3 per cent who would be satisfied with a majority vote of the Senate alone.

In answer to, *What to do with Germany when victory is achieved?* the preponderant opinion (69.7 per cent) emphasizes that Germany must be occupied until it is economically sound and politically democratic.

This was an insistent note, regard-

less of vocations or regions. 6.9 per cent would keep Naziland occupied for five years by a United Nations Military Government, 10.5 per cent would strip the country of heavy industry and convert it into an agricultural nation, 11.9 per cent call for dismemberment; and 1.3 per cent believe we should do nothing.

In relation to both Germany and Japan, in fact, there is an emphasis on constructive rehabilitation measures rather than vengeance. As to what to do with Japan, 50.1 per cent voted, as the first course of postwar action, for occupation until it becomes economically sound and politically democratic, even though as an alternative there is a stronger percentage for Japan's dismemberment, 29.73 per cent as against 11.9 per cent for Germany. Minority choices are 12.8 per cent, for the stripping of the country of heavy industries and agricultural conversion; 6.08 per cent, for a five-year occupation period by a United Nations Military Government; and 1.01 per cent who felt that no action should be taken at all.

Extremes of emotional response to the treatment of Japan can be sensed in comments added by two editors from the pivotal state of California. While one demanded, "Sterilize them. Let them live out their lives and then die out," another countered with "You can't hammer people into being peaceful. You can only love them into it." The same differences held in regard to postwar Germany.

But, "If we are going to police the

world, and we damn well are, then we're going to need policemen," warns a New York State editor. 69.2 per cent were unequivocally in favor of *compulsory military training for young men* after the war, with 30.7 per cent opposed. As a historian from the state of Michigan declares, "Youth needs to know the cost of freedom, the need and duty of defending it, and the obligations it involves. Not for 'goose-stepping' or 'technical' ends, however. I would combine with it vocational training." A university professor from Texas confirms, "The safety of democracy depends on a free citizenry trained to defend its rights."

Still, the demands for clarification of the proposed program cut across all shades of opinion. Many pointed out that strictly military methods are quickly outmoded today so that there should be emphasis on the basic techniques of organization, quick thinking and body building.

On the related question, however, *Do you favor some form of national service (not necessarily military) for both men and women?*, the vote was closely divided with 54.4 per cent voting *no* against 45.5 per cent *yes*. In the majority of negative comments there was a certain emotional aversion to any forced change in the status of women, and more to any possibility of gradual regimentation for the whole population. "I do not favor any more Federal controls over the people in any form," says the head of a Shreveport, Louisiana, organization, voting *no*. "Regimented youth movements

are too handy tools for demagogues and tyrants," adds a Cedar Rapids, Iowa, editor, while a news director in Minneapolis, Minnesota, thinks, "Women need discipline more, but I can't see it in compulsory service form. . . ." In contradiction to this point of view, an Aurora, Illinois, leader answers, "Yes. We do not need to be regimented, but should be organized for any possible emergency. Our Air Raid training under Civilian Defense was excellent." And a lecturer in Boston, Massachusetts, agrees, "This would be helpful, instilling respect, responsibility and reverence for country and fellow citizens."

III

The recent Presidential election gave us an opportunity to get an answer to the question, *What factors influenced your vote most strongly—domestic issues, international issues, or the personality and character of the candidate?* Three factors, it appeared, were of near equal importance in the minds of the leaders. 37.6 per cent declared international factors most strongly influenced their choice, 33.3 per cent domestic issues, 29.1 per cent personality and character of the candidate.

In response to *How long do you think Presidential tenure should be set by law?*, 74.6 per cent suggested limiting the term in some way, generally adding comments like, "It is of the essence of democracy that there be frequent changes in the Presidency."

48.8 per cent were for one eight year or two consecutive four-year periods, 25.4 per cent were for the present system of no limitations, on the principle, "Let the people rule."

Among new proposals for tenure, 19.2 per cent favored a six-year term, while minorities of 5.3 per cent felt that one four-year period without re-election was adequate, and 1.3 per cent thought that a twelve-year occupancy of the White House was preferred. There were even a few suggestions for a seven-year term or for elections patterned on the English vote of confidence. In general, among professional groups there was a definite cleavage. Labor, social welfare, civic leaders and heads of large national cross-section groups voted for no limitations, while the press, commerce, industry, banking and finance, education and professions such as medicine, the church and the law, favored restriction.

After Germany and Japan are defeated, our leaders believe in some continuation of wartime wage and price ceiling control. 57.6 per cent would maintain the price ceilings on luxury goods, in comparison with 86.6 per cent on necessary goods and 71.6 per cent on wage ceilings, and 81.0 per cent would maintain minimum wage laws. 15.73 per cent of those questioned voted to continue such controls for one year, 28.25 per cent for two years, and 11.65 per cent for five years, while a surprising 44.36 per cent are in favor of "indefinitely."

The close majority (57.1 per cent)

wishing to see free international trade without tariff barriers did so with the general conviction that "tariffs make wars," but with skepticism, in many cases, that free trade is either possible, or practical. A national network radio commentator declares, "Generally speaking, yes. The United States can make better products, so we need not fear competition on essential items."

The 42.9 per cent holding out for tariffs, however, offered a consideration of our need for self-protection and the maintenance of standards of living, wage scales, and the like, against what was frequently called "idealism." In line with this opposition, a nationally known Washington newspaper columnist contends, "No. To start with, free trade is ideal; but our present wage scale now depends on tariffs to a large extent, and we are committed to them whether we like it or not."

There was a strong agreement on how reconversion should be handled. Only 2.0 per cent wanted government alone to handle the job; 8.9 per cent private industry alone, while a grand total of 89.1 per cent declared here was a task for both government and private industry. Including labor as a factor, leaders in general rejected the need of cleavages between these interests, but called instead for co-operation on problems necessary to the public good. As an upstate New York industrial representative declared, "Both government and private industry are inextricably bound up in the production of war goods. Together

they must work out the details of reconversion and disposal."

On Management-Labor relations, 21.1 per cent sought greater control for unions, 78.8 per cent demanded less control by unions. 28.3 per cent wanted more pro-Labor legislation, 71.6 per cent more pro-Management legislation. These figures will no doubt appall the rank and file of Labor — and frankly, they disturb the writer. But they are presented here for the therapeutic value the truth ought to have. There was agreement that co-operation, including unbiased government supervision in public interest rather than pressure group interest, should be the objective. A Yale professor put it this way, "There should be a combination of forces, including (1) legislation either 'pro-Labor' or 'pro-Management' which would redress evils as they appear, and (2) a greater sense of responsibility (to their constituents and to the public) on the part of both labor leaders and business management." A Philadelphia publisher wrote, "Man is hoggish and predatory. A balance of power seems best, but difficult to maintain."

As to postwar taxes, there was the same emphasis on the cooperative relationship between citizens and government with emphasis on a proportionate distribution of taxes on all income groups (87.4 per cent).

With sound American thinking prevailing, it is not surprising that in answer to the question as to *What*

direction the United States will move in the next ten years? only 4.9 per cent of American leaders believe we will move to complete state control. 39.3 per cent believe that we will continue as a nation of free capitalistic enterprise more or less as at present, while 55.7 per cent believe we are moving increasingly towards a mixed economy of private industry and state control.

A leader in a nationally known labor organization, whose opinion was echoed by heads of industries as well, says, "The drift toward a modified state socialism is a worldwide phenomenon, and is not confined to this country. It is compounded partly of a feeling that free enterprise has failed to provide solutions for certain important questions, and partly on the fact that government is being required to furnish services which free enterprise either cannot or will not undertake."

"It is a mistake," agrees an editor out in Indiana, "to assume that any state control automatically restricts and never expands private enterprise. TVA is a good example of such expansion along with and because of government enterprise."

I believe this survey gives a true picture of what America's leaders think and how America in the future, in line with its leaders' thinking and action, will move on the important questions facing the nation.



SOME TRUTHS ABOUT POLAND

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

It is unfortunate that American public opinion, never too well informed about the smaller European countries, has to some extent been forced to choose between two propagandist versions of Poland. One is the idealized legend of ardent Polish sympathizers, the other an excessively dark picture drawn by groups hostile to the Poles.

There are ugly spots in the Polish record. Liberal friends of the country are the first to acknowledge this. During most of its life as an independent state Poland was governed by semi-dictatorial methods. The Poles, long oppressed themselves, were often intolerant in their treatment of racial minorities. Polish administrative methods in Eastern Galicia, where the Ukrainians are a majority of the population, were harsh and oppressive. Even now the Polish Government would strengthen its case if it included two or three Ukrainians in the Cabinet and proclaimed some federative principle for the future, with local self-government for regions with non-Polish majorities.

There was anti-Semitism in Poland,

as in Rumania and other East European countries. It grew out of the same unhealthy soil of poverty, economic depression and urban overcrowding, and led to regrettable social and economic discrimination. Also, the seizure of Wilno and the taking of Teschen from Czechoslovakia after the Munich settlement were high-handed acts in the international field.

However, one need not accept an unreal picture of Poland as a Sir Galahad among nations in order to recognize the right of the Polish people, who have fought heroically and suffered unimaginable horrors, to determine their own political fate.

Poland's past cannot be reasonably appraised in the abstract. Two considerations of time and place, in particular, should be noted:

First, Poland during the thirties was wedged in between two powerful and ruthless totalitarian states, Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia, which certainly did not contribute to the flourishing of democracy. Second, the Polish record, bad as it was in many respects, was strikingly better than that of the Soviet Union, if one takes

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such reasonable standards of comparison as the existence of opposition parties, executions for political reasons and forced-labor camps. The attempt to justify absorption of Poles by Russia on "democratic" grounds is therefore illogical and absurd.

The arguments that are sometimes put forward for differential treatment of countries that willingly or otherwise joined the Axis certainly cannot apply to Poland. For Poland was the first nation that took up arms against Nazi Germany. And Poland's fight did not cease when the physical resistance of the country was beaten down by the Germans, abetted by a sudden Soviet blow in the rear of the Polish armies. Poland's fight has gone on, through guerilla warfare inside and through effective Polish units serving with the United Nations abroad. History will underline that Poland was the only conquered nation where Hitler was unable to find local Quislings.

But that is not all. Soviet Russia actually owes a debt of gratitude to Poland for its steadfast rejection of Nazi blandishments. According to the testimony of French diplomatic observers, contained in the French Yellow Book, Hitler made three proposals to the Polish Government looking toward combined action against Russia in 1938 and 1939. The basis of the German proposals was that formerly German regions be returned to the Reich and that Poland be "compensated" by additional territory from the USSR — a proposal remarkably like Stalin's, except in reverse.

Poland refused these offers. How different the course of history might have been if Poland, like Hungary, Rumania and Bulgaria, had swung into the Nazi orbit and co-operated in an attack on the Soviet Union! In that case, Britain and France might never have been involved in the war and Russia would have been obliged to bear the whole weight of the German onslaught two years earlier. Certainly the Russians have reason to be thankful for Poland's refusal to accept a German orientation in its foreign policy.

Even after the ominous announcement of the German-Soviet Pact, in August 1939, Poland preferred an unequal war to surrender. Its reward was the revival of the old Russo-German technique of partition, with Stalin and Hitler repeating the rôles of Catherine II and Frederick the Great. The Soviet Commissar for Foreign Affairs, V. M. Molotov, pronounced a death sentence on Poland when he said, in a speech before the Soviet Parliament on October 31, 1939:

One swift blow to Poland, first by the German Army and then by the Red Army, and nothing was left of this ugly offspring of the Versailles Treaty, which had existed by oppressing non-Polish nationalities.

For almost two years, it should not be forgotten, Poland lived under a régime of joint German-Soviet occupation as cruel as any recorded by modern history. Both powers made every effort to decimate Polish leader-

ship and stamp out Polish national consciousness. According to a diplomatic note of the Polish Government, 1,500,000 inhabitants of Eastern Poland were deported, most of them to Soviet forced-labor camps. The exact number of victims may be disputed, but the huge scale and brutality of the Soviet "purge" are beyond doubt.

II

When Hitler attacked Russia, the Poles did not seek revenge for the Russian horrors visited on their people. Though often accused of stiff-necked impossibilism, the Polish leaders showed both wisdom and magnanimity in joining the Soviet Union unreservedly as an ally. There was a disposition to "forgive and forget" in the interests of United Nations unity.

The Soviet Government signed an agreement with the Polish Government-in-exile, headed by General Wladyslaw Sikorski, on July 30, 1941. In this agreement Moscow recognized "the Soviet-German treaties of 1939 as to territorial changes in Poland as having lost their validity." The two nations agreed to support each other in the struggle against Germany and it was stipulated that a Polish Army, under Polish command, should be formed on Russian soil. The British Government, already pledged to uphold Poland's independence by the Anglo-Polish Treaty of August 25, 1939, declared that it did not recog-

nize as valid any territorial changes in Poland. The United States, of course, had never recognized as legal the German and Soviet annexations of Polish soil.

The Polish Government, with headquarters in London, did everything in its power to aid the common cause. Some 140,000 Poles are fighting with the United Nations on land, on sea and in the air. They look to the London régime as their legitimate Government. Indeed, it occurred to no one to doubt that legitimacy until the Soviet Government broke off diplomatic relations.

Systematic efforts have been made by Communist and near-Communist sources to discredit the representative character of the Polish Government. Even some ill-informed non-partisan papers sometimes convey the impression that the Poles are deeply divided in allegiance, as between the Government in London and the so-called Polish National Council of Liberation, set up by Russia. This is a fantastic misapprehension of the Polish situation. It is as if one should describe the Norwegians as split fifty-fifty between their legitimate government in London and the followers of Quisling.

The fact is that the Polish Government in London is the legal heir of the prewar Polish Government. But it is far more representative of Polish public opinion than that régime could have claimed to be. The Polish Cabinet until recently has been composed of representatives of the four strongest parties in prewar Poland. From the

start it has worked in the most intimate co-operation with the active and heroic Polish Underground movement. The leadership of that movement has been in the hands of a deputy prime minister, and major policy decisions have been made, whenever physically possible, only after consulting the Underground.

Thus the Polish fighting forces inside and outside the country alike acknowledge the authority of their Government in London. The recent change in the Polish Cabinet, with a three-party combination under the veteran Socialist, Tomasz Arciszewski, replacing the previous four-party combination, headed by the Peasant Party leader, Stanislaw Mikolajczyk, reflects a difference in tactics, not in fundamental principles. It reflects the tragic dilemma in which the Government finds itself as a result of British (and to a lesser extent American) pressure for a settlement with Stalin at almost any price. It is in no sense a cleavage between "progressives" and "reactionaries."

With absolutely no illusions as to the dark prospect of achieving a free democratic Poland under present conditions, Mikolajczyk was apparently willing to compromise on the frontier question in order to save the Polish people from the misgovernment of the puppet Liberation Committee. Arciszewski, on the other hand, takes the position that, if Poland is to be despoiled, the responsibility must rest with the despoilers, and that the Polish Government should stand on

the moral ground represented by the principles of the Atlantic Charter.

By contrast with the exiled Government, the Council of National Liberation is a synthetic, made-in-Moscow puppet régime. It was never heard of until Soviet troops had entered what was, by Soviet admission, Polish territory. Formed on July 23, 1944, it was recognized as a provisional Polish administration by the Soviets, and only by the Soviets, on July 25. This was pretty quick work, even when it is a question of recognizing a régime of one's own making.

Most of the members of the Moscow-made Council are completely unknown in Polish life. And those who are known hardly inspire confidence. They are broken, discredited adventurers, just the kind of men who might be expected to turn out as Quislings. Take, for example, the "Minister of War," Michal Rola-Zymierski. Under the Pilsudski régime he was convicted of taking bribes from French manufacturers in connection with the supply of gas masks and was sentenced to five years in prison and the loss of his military rank and honors. Jan Grubecki, Minister of Communications, is a former member of the ENDEK, a nationalist youth organization, and was identified with many anti-Semitic outrages. The now deposed Minister of Agriculture, Andrzej Witos, tried to blackmail the Government into giving him a profitable export concession in 1923 by threatening to withdraw the parliamentary support of his political

organization, the People's Party. Emil Sommerstein, a well-known Jewish lawyer, had been held for years in Soviet prisons and may well have joined the "Government" to avoid indefinite detention. The chairman of the Council, Boleslaw Berut, is a Communist who was unknown in pre-war Poland. The Committee includes two men who were more or less well-known as fellow travelers, Eduard Osubka-Morawski and Boleslaw Drobner, both expelled from the Polish Socialist Party for this reason.

The sole function of the phantom "Government" which includes at least one criminal is to carry out orders from Moscow. It has obediently echoed Stalin's demand that Poland cede some 40 per cent of its prewar territory to the Soviet Union. It has laid claim to overwhelmingly German regions, such as East Prussia and Lower Silesia, annexation of which would weaken rather than strengthen the future Poland.

A Soviet policy based on respect for Poland's independence and territorial integrity would have insured the Soviet Union a loyal and grateful ally in the event of any resumption of German aggression. Unfortunately the actual Soviet policy has been very different. Under pleasant-sounding phrases designed to soothe public opinion in England and the United States, Moscow became increasingly hostile to Poland as the tide of the war turned in Russia's favor.

Long before the break in relations, Russia made life difficult for the Polish

Embassy. Obstacles were placed in the way of relief to the masses of destitute Polish deportees in Russia. Thousands of Poles were arbitrarily declared Soviet citizens against their will. The organization and equipping of the new Polish Army, headed by General Wladyslaw Anders, became so difficult that it had to be evacuated to Iran.

Meanwhile much uncertainty prevailed as to the fate of some 12,000 Polish officers who had been in Soviet captivity since 1939 but who, mysteriously, had not been released in accordance with the terms of the 1941 agreement. General Sikorski repeatedly pleaded with Stalin for information about these men. Such a mass of important prisoners cannot get lost or mislaid. Had they fallen into German hands, Stalin could have said so. There was no reason why he should accept responsibility for the fate of men captured by the enemy. It was only in the interests of unity, to avoid open controversy, that the Polish Government did not make public its demands for information about the missing officers.

In retrospect, that would seem to have been a serious tactical error. When the Germans in the spring of 1943 announced the discovery of thousands of corpses of Polish officers in the Katyn Forest, near Smolensk, the world at large, unaware of the long Polish efforts to find those men, dismissed it as another Nazi invention.

Acting perhaps unwisely, but under strong emotional pressure of Polish public opinion, the Polish Govern-

ment asked the International Red Cross for an impartial investigation of this affair. The Red Cross declined. But this incident was used as a pretext for the Soviet Government to break relations with the Polish Government, thus opening the way for the subsequent creation of a puppet régime.

When the Smolensk region was again in Russian hands, the Soviet authorities held an investigation and naturally reached the conclusion that the Germans had killed those officers. But Moscow has never explained why, if the prisoners had actually been abandoned to the Germans, this fact was not revealed in due time.

Stalin tried to soften the effect of his unilateral breach of relations by declaring that he favored a "strong independent Poland." But at no time was there any sincere attempt to resume relations with the only Polish group that could plausibly be regarded as representative of the Polish people.

III

One of the darkest chapters of the troubled story of Soviet-Polish relations — and a chapter shrouded in secrecy — has been the Soviet attitude toward the Polish Underground. Russia has made use of Underground fighters where it needed them but has consistently dissolved their units, arresting and sometimes killing their leaders. For this tragedy the Western Powers, especially Great Britain, cannot escape moral responsibility.

When the Russian forces moved into Poland on a large scale in the summer of 1944, the insistent British advice to the Polish Underground was to co-operate fully with the Red Army, revealing the number and location of its units, its hide-outs in swamps and forests, etc. The Poles loyally followed this advice. Their co-operation contributed appreciably to the rapid sweep of Soviet forces across Eastern Poland in July.

How this co-operation was repaid — or rather, betrayed — by the Russians is one of the ugliest episodes of this war. There is a mass of material on this subject in Polish Underground reports, some of which were broadcast from Warsaw when a part of the city was in the hands of Underground insurgents. When the story is fully told it will shock the conscience of the United Nations' world. A few typical reports are herewith cited:

July 13 — In the Nowogrodek district the Russians "pacified" seven villages where Polish units were quartered. Entire families were murdered, the men were deported, property destroyed.

July 30 — It appears, from events up to this moment, that all leaders of the Underground Army, together with their organizations, are being arrested by the Soviet forces after revealing themselves. It should be expected that a similar fate awaits all agencies, civilian as well as military. We must do all we can to protect these men and prevent their liquidation by the NKVD [Soviet Political Police] directly or through the intermediary of some Polish agents acting as Soviet tools.

August 1 — By radio from the Lvov District: On July 31 the officers of the

Underground Army were called to a meeting. All who reported were arrested.

August 17 — In Tarnopol [Eastern Galicia] all men between the ages of eighteen and fifty have been deported by the Soviet authorities.

August 21 — In Biala Podlaska [to the west of the so-called Curzon Line] the Soviet authorities have arrested and deported the Commander of the 34th Infantry Regiment of the Underground Army. . . . The Mayor of the town, Mr. Kowaleski, and the District Commander of the Underground Army have also been arrested. All the orders of the "Polish Committee of National Liberation" are executed by the NKVD.

Shootings and hangings of officers and soldiers of the Underground Army were reported from Rozyszcze, in Volhynia; from Luck, in Eastern Poland; from many other places. Mass deportations of Poles from Lvov and Tarnopol took place. The results of the attempt of the Polish Underground to co-operate with the Red Army could be summarized as follows: At the front there were friendly conversations, words of praise, promises of help with arms and ammunition. But behind the front lines the regular procedure included disarmament of the Polish patriot forces, arrests, deportations, shootings. The notorious Nazi death house at Majdanek, near Lublin, has been preserved as a concentration camp for Polish Underground workers.

Such a wide variety of reports, covering a fairly long period of time, indicates a settled policy, not individual misunderstandings. In a Parliamentary debate that was not very fully reported in America, the Inde-

pendent Labor member of Parliament, McGovern, on September 27, bluntly asked Foreign Secretary Eden:

Is anything to be gained by covering up the fact that an ally of ours is both deporting and shooting Nationalists and Socialists in Poland?

He got no satisfactory answer. Acts of repression can be committed by a government without arousing international scandal if it is able to throw a thick blanket of silence over occupied territory. That is precisely what Russia has done in Eastern Poland. Freedom of movement of correspondents has been non-existent, except for a few conducted tours of German horror camps. Diplomats and military observers have been kept out.

IV

The climactic phase in the Polish national tragedy, however, occurred under sufficiently dramatic circumstances to attract worldwide attention. This was the sixty-three-day uprising of Polish Underground forces in Warsaw, led by General Tadeusz Komorowski, also known as General Bor.

For months and even years, the self-styled Union of Polish Patriots — a small group of emigrant Polish Communists in Moscow — and the Polish press had been criticizing the Polish Nationalists for not resorting to armed uprising. "Have no faith in those who urge you to be inactive and wait," declared Wanda Wassilevska, leading figure in that organization, on May

20, 1943. As Soviet troops penetrated into Poland, this note was struck with ever-increasing urgency in broadcasts from Moscow which, it goes without saying, could not have been made without Soviet approval.

The appeals to start an uprising in Warsaw became more specific as the Soviet armies pressed forward to the line of the Vistula River and temporarily occupied Praga, the Warsaw suburb on the eastern bank of that river. One need only cite a single excerpt from Moscow appeals in broadcasts of July 29 and 30:

People of Warsaw, take up your arms. Rally around the Home National Council, around the Warsaw Underground Army and attack the Germans.

It was against this background of frantic appeals from Moscow, accompanied by assurances of speedy aid, that Warsaw's heroic and tragic uprising began on August 1. In its first stage it was amazingly successful and furnished a remarkable testimonial to the strength and discipline of the Underground Army. The Old City area and many public buildings were taken. For about a week the initiative remained with the insurgents.

But the promised Soviet aid did not come. The Soviet front before Warsaw became passive. For a long time the Russians even forbade British and Polish airplanes, bringing aid to the insurgents, to use Soviet bases. Soviet propaganda suddenly began to accuse General Komorowski of having started a "premature uprising." Even

if this were true, it did not justify the crime of abandoning the Underground heroes to extermination. The horrifying episode looks so much like a cynical design to enable the Germans to destroy Underground forces which might oppose a puppet régime that the burden of proof is on the shoulders of the Kremlin and those who seek to alibi the Kremlin in this shocking affair.

V

Why should Americans concern themselves about the fate of Poland? This is an extremely curious question in the midst of a war that began in Poland and grew out of a big country's attempts to seize the territory of its smaller neighbors. Yet it is a question one hears often in discussing this matter.

One answer is provided by a brilliant and far-sighted British publicist, F. A. Voigt, in the *Nineteenth Century and After*. Though he offered it in January 1944, it is even truer and more timely today. He wrote:

The questions are not: Shall Poland's eastern border be shifted westward? Shall she lose her eastern territories or, losing them, acquire in their place western territories at the expense of Germany? The question is: Shall Poland exist?

Beyond this there is another question: Shall Europe exist — the Europe we have known and hope to know again, the Europe for which the war is being fought, the Europe which alone gives the war any meaning, the Europe that is neither anarchy nor servitude, the Europe that is a balanced and integrated whole, the Eu-

rope of systems and states, balanced and yet related, the Europe of many sovereign states, big and small, the Europe that is so much more than a geographical expression, Europe, the stronghold of the Greco-Roman and Christian heritage. That is the question.

Whatever arguments of necessity are advanced, whatever the pressures to appease Stalin, public opinion in the United Nations cannot remain

unaffected by the martyrdom of Poland. It is to be hoped that the peoples of America and Great Britain will consider seriously the moral and political implications of the policy of throwing Poland to the wolves. No step could be more isolationist in its effects, or more likely to chill the new readiness of the American people to assume international responsibilities.



SPAIN TODAY

By MARYA MANNES

THE Lusitania Express from Lisbon to Madrid is not the only way to get into Spain, but it is the best preparation for Spain. It is one of the last *trains bleus* still running in Europe: a luxury train that exhibits signs of heavy wear and obvious neglect. The Express is always full of German agents, neutral and belligerent diplomats, diplomatic couriers with their pouches, priests and business men — a mixture that makes more for suspicion than congeniality. It is a climactic prelude to Spain, an atmosphere less of neutrality than of tension.

Getting across the Spanish border requires practical preparation. A Spanish visa is hurdle enough, particularly for an American and more particularly for an American journalist. Our own Embassy in Madrid seems to share the aversion of the Spanish Foreign Office for any observers whose reactions to the Spanish state might prove embarrassing. After the visa, which can take six weeks to obtain, there are ten more steps, all but one encountered in transit. Customs, passport controls, money controls, ration-card distributions, hotel trip-

tychs — all constitute papers which the traveler within Spain must never lack. As different sets of Portuguese and Spanish officials handle these various procedures, the night is a series of raps on the door and demands for presenting documents.

The final touch of preparation is at breakfast in the Wagons-Lits. There are two pictures over the door that were not there at dinner the night before: Francisco Franco and José Antonio Primo de Rivera. And there is a new picture to be seen from the window: the starved, baked earth of the Estremadura supplanting the fertile valleys of Portugal.

What you are not prepared for, though, is the air of opulence and gaiety that Madrid presents. There are no signs of destruction at first glance, and few signs of want. The people seem well-dressed and well-fed and full of the vitality that is unusual under oppression. The broad tree-lined avenues are serene in the sunlit air, which has a preternatural clarity.

The hotels are particularly impressive. They may be the last in Europe of their type and, unlike the Lusitania

MARYA MANNES has only recently returned from a four months' trip through Spain and Portugal. Articles of hers have appeared in various national magazines.

Express, they still look *de luxe*. The Ritz Hotel, which is right opposite the Prado and across the great square of the Cibeles, is a luxury product from its white façade to its white-spatted little bus-boys. The service is expert and noiseless. The marble stairs are scrubbed every morning, and the legions of waiters seem to float through the corridors on their coat-tails.

The clientele of the Ritz includes top-ranking native and foreign diplomats and business-directors, Spanish aristocrats whose houses are shut or being redone, industrialists from Barcelona, and a few well-kept mistresses. You can get a handsomely appointed room and bath on the court for seventy pesetas, although the average price is one hundred. On official exchange that would mean seven and ten dollars, on black market exchange, half as much. Meals are expensive. The "big" menu, which includes about six courses, costs thirty-five pesetas; the "little" menu, with only four courses, nineteen pesetas. By the time wine, a 12 per cent service tax and a large luxury tax have been added, your "little" menu bill comes to forty pesetas or more. At that, the food is superlative. You can have every red meat you want, any fish or fowl and a great variety of vegetables and fruit. The only shortages are in bread, which is soggy and coarse, dairy products and sugar. And even at the Ritz the olive oil is extremely inferior since the Germans took all the top-quality product available in Spain.

The management of the Ritz is responsible for its flawless efficiency as well as the curious air of hostility that permeates it. They are Belgians of long-standing pro-German sympathies. One of the head porters is an elderly Czech whose son is in the German Army. One of the doormen works for the Gestapo. A number of the waiters and valets are in Falange or German pay. From the moment of entrance into Spain until the moment of departure, the foreigner — particularly the democratic foreigner — is under surveillance.

Nearly all of this holds true of the Palace, across the way from the Ritz and under the same management. The hotel itself, however, is different in type; much larger, much less elegant and much more crowded. The lobbies are always full of people: clerks from the American Embassy, couriers, German business men, Spanish, Allied and Axis journalists, middle-class Spanish tourists. The Ritz has the top men; the Palace has the seconds. At the Ritz a woman may not receive men in her room at any time of day. In the Palace nobody cares. There is plenty of surveillance at the Palace, but the constant turnover makes that activity more difficult. The Ritz Bar in season is the social focus of Madrid. The Palace Bar is the professional hang-out.

Madrid is full of good restaurants, ranging from the high-class Horchers to little native restaurants like the Hogar Gallegos, where you get fish in Galician style. The Germans, especially of late when their prestige has

been falling, prefer to stick together in their own haunts: the Edelweiss and the Heidelberg. Here they can console themselves and plot survival over steins of beer and nostalgic German dishes which Germany itself has not seen for six years or more! On the whole, these Germans — business men and government agents alike — are not too unhappy in Spain. They are well-treated and well-fed and — most important of all — safe.

The Spanish worker, needless to say, cannot afford these restaurants as he cannot earn more than fifteen pesetas a day and even one moderate meal costs more than that. He subsists at home on tomatoes and fish and rice, and occasionally a very stringy chicken. In some of the poorer country districts this list is shortened. Only garlic remains the universal ingredient in all Spanish cuisine.

II

Along with the hotels and restaurants and the look of the crowds on the street, the shops in Spanish cities add to the bright illusion of calm and prosperity. In Madrid, in San Sebastian and especially in Barcelona, the window-displays are alluring, particularly in leather goods and cosmetics. The workmanship on such things as leather wallets, handbags and cigarette cases is superlative. There are shops full of French perfumes, at very high prices, and of Spanish imitations of French perfumes, at very low prices.

Next in attractiveness are the men's

haberdashers. The Spanish man spends much of his infinite time on his toilette, and he has a large and handsome range of shirts, scarfs and other accessories to be worn with his excellently tailored custom-made suits. He goes in as heavily for cosmetics as the Spanish woman: perfumed hair pomade, cologne, perfume, colorless nail polish.

The small accessory shops for women — purveying costume jewelry, gloves and such — are inviting enough, but the Spanish woman has little to choose from in ready-made clothing. There is no such thing as a wholesale dress trade in Spain. The rich Spanish women either buy their dresses direct from Paris couturiers or have their own dressmakers copy French designs in imported Swiss or French silks. The poor make their own from shoddy materials. Fortunately, the Spanish woman — rich or poor — has an innate sense of style. The smart aristocrat is very smart indeed, and the girl on the street carries herself superbly. The Spanish woman is small and voluptuous until she reaches the middle-twenties. After that she is apt to be merely gross unless she can afford daily massage. The rich get fat from over-eating, the poor get fat from over-breeding.

Intellectual inertia among the women in Franco Spain is even more apparent than physical inertia. Even Spaniards admit that the vast majority of their women are simply not educated. There is no such thing as a public school program for the poor in

Spain, unless you call the Falange Youth movement part of one; and private schooling is supervised by a church which does not believe in developing feminine brains. There are exceptions in aristocratic families — girls who have been educated abroad, who have traveled and who are at ease in literature and in languages. But the typical upper-class Spanish woman can talk only of social gossip or domestic problems. She knows nothing of the world, let alone the conditions of her own country — and cares less. She is there for two very simple reasons: to amuse the male and to produce children. Those who do the former are not apt to do the latter, and vice versa.

This intellectual diminution of the female is not new to Spain, but it is certainly intensified by the Fascist pattern, which can survive only so long as men are kept in political bondage and women in spiritual bondage. Externally the Spanish woman looks much freer now than she did fifteen years ago. The girls on the streets with their long bobs and bare legs look almost as casual as ours, and industrial Barcelona has plenty of women in the clerical ranks of business. But fundamentally — in their life with their parents and later with their own families — they conform to an almost Arab scheme.

Franco and the Falange doctrines make much of the sanctities of family life. In actual practice today this translates itself into a parade of parties, dinners and infidelities. Judging from the number of men that populate the

scores of cafés from twelve noon until twelve midnight, the last place a Spanish male wants to be is home. The moment he is married, in fact, he must assert his virility and independence by cohabiting with not one mistress but a series of them. For this purpose he usually has a small apartment in another part of town where he can spend those evenings when café-life palls. The wife stays home, plays bridge, or takes a lover. The men and women neither work together nor play together: the spectacle of a married couple at the movies or at a café is almost non-existent.

Idleness has much to do with the constant need of the Spanish male to confirm his virility. The only people who work in Spain are the workers. This is not a wise-crack, it is simple fact. The industrialists of Barcelona and Bilbao may know what business pressure is like, but the Spanish bureaucrat — and Madrid is full of them — considers three hours in an office a pretty tough day. The ubiquitous officers have no war to fight. The thousands who live by black-market operations in cloth or butter or other commodities — the *Estraperlistas* — work sporadically, using wits more than time. The great majority of aristocrats do nothing all day. There is, then, only one way to use up excess energy and establish a sense of power.

All this is upper-crust, the life you see on the surface. These are the black-market millionaires, the Falange officials, the high army men, the old

Spanish families who have managed to keep their wealth. These are the people who have been on top the last five years, who have worked with the Germans and played with us, and whose one fierce animating force is to hold on to what they have. To them Democracy means Communism, and Communism means the end of the world. They are unified in only one emotion: terror of Russia.

III

But there are other Spaniards in Spain — the majority. You see them crowding the streetcars, buses and trains to overflowing; you meet them seldom if you are a stranger. There is the chambermaid in your hotel who asks you for the Spanish news bulletins printed by Allied press services and who says: "It is impossible here, can I not go to America where people live decently?" There is the young Spanish reporter who says: "Isn't it fine, at last we can print résumés of BBC reports." When the Allies advanced, the Spanish press, so long partially subsidized by the German Embassy, found it necessary to make these concessions. Whatever the motive, the young man is excited at this move toward truth. There is the Spanish painter who is bitter because he is forced to paint heroic portraits of Franco in order to exist and whose best pictures are considered "modern" and therefore decadent. There is the workman in the third-class carriage who mutters: "This is an impossible

life, where the peseta buys nothing and a man has no liberty." There is the priest who says: "Franco has debased and corrupted all of Spain." There are tens of thousands in Spain who have not enough to eat and who feel as these do. But they are not armed, and Franco's police are strong. So is that part of the Army which would fight for Franco.

One of the most concrete signs of the opposition is the long queues of people waiting in front of the Casa Americana (the OWI) and the British Press Office for mimeographed handouts, in Spanish, of the war news. They are beggars, not for money but for the news; shabby, unshaven, hollow-eyed men and women, patient but dogged. The Spaniards are apt to call them Reds — *rojos*. It is the easiest way of disposing of them. These are the people — of many parties and beliefs — who fought against Franco and are therefore criminals. These are the survivors of prison sentences and shootings, or those who by a miracle of adroitness escaped Franco's law entirely. These are the unemployable. A *rojo* cannot find work. If he is maimed or ill as a result of the civil war, he can get no medical help. He is therefore dependent on his kin, who have little enough for their own needs.

Such, then, are the extremes in Spain: the sterile ruling class and the betrayed majority. In between are the Royalists. These are men — chiefly industrialists in Catalonia and an element of the aristocracy — who strongly oppose Franco and the Falange but do

not believe Spain capable of a republican government. They contend that the combination of Juan III, a pleasant young man now in Switzerland, and a liberal constitutional government would be the best bet for their harassed and unhappy country. They argue that another civil war would be fatal and must therefore be avoided at all costs. The general feeling among observers is that the Royalists may be too late. A year or two years ago, a monarchy might have been welcomed. Now, however, the people have reached a state where only a complete change will satisfy them. They do not seem in a mood to take a compromise, well-planned and well-intended though it may be.

Among these elements — Royalists and Falangists, if not *rojos* — move the diplomats of the neutral and belligerent nations. Theirs are the only handsome cars in Madrid, except for the black-marketeers'; theirs the winter-long social round of the capital and the summer-long social round of San Sebastian. Diplomatic life in Madrid is very formal and very stereotyped. Cocktails last from eight-thirty until ten-thirty; lunch begins at two and lasts through four; dinner is at eleven. The conversation is naturally multilingual and usually constrained, because nearly all political subjects are taboo. It thus boils down to gossip and rumor, for which Madrid provides a rich field. The more honest Allied diplomats will tell you that this can prove an almost intolerable strain. They also confess that even after years

it is still hard for a man to stay honest: the stencil becomes fixed. Furthermore, the more impressionable members of the embassy staffs are inclined to fall in love with the surface brilliance and gaiety of this Spanish life and forget the lines waiting for news of the war.

Madrid is not a funny place but there are funny things in it. One is the Velasquez Club, where members of the diplomatic corps of all nations go to play tennis and swim. At the head of the swimming pool is the German contingent: handsome, tanned men and pretty blonde female secretaries looking like posters of summer sports. On the sides are the British, French and American members. At the other end are the Japs, wearing black skull caps and carrying pink towels. The Spaniards circulate from one group to another. The Allied members are used to swimming in the company of Germans and pay no attention. When a Jap jumps into the pool, however, all the rest jump out, Germans included. The latter are inclined to take their briefcases to the pool with them. There is nothing much more ludicrous than a half-naked Gestapo man with a briefcase under his arm.

What is not so funny is my recollection of the electricity situation in Madrid. By September the shortage was so acute that all electricity had to be cut off four days a week. This meant that for four days no lifts, no lights, no radios, no iceboxes functioned. This meant, in turn, that food spoiled, communications were broken

and a lot of people not fit for it had to climb long stairs many times a day. Washing in an inside bathroom with no electric light was just one more problem. Drought was given as the main reason for this condition. Dispassionate observers gave several other interpretations, among them just abominable organization.

The money situation is a minor irritation but a constant one. Except for the tin centimos, there is only paper money in Spain. This paper money, especially in the one and five peseta notes, is of an unbelievable filthiness. It resembles the blackened and rotted lettuce in garbage pails, and is no more pleasant to the touch.

IV

But these are trivial things. They are merely pieces in the very complex puzzle that is Spain. The drive from Madrid to Escorial, for instance, spreads all the pieces of this puzzle before your eyes. The elegant boulevards of Madrid are only five minutes from University City, where the Loyalists held out for three years in the siege of Madrid. Here for the first time you can see the bitter scars of that war: the blasted ramparts, the gutted houses, the pits and trenches. On top of them rise the new buildings of the University. Farther along toward Escorial are more shattered walls, more ditches and craters. Then the road flattens out into the broad clear plain that leads to the Guadarrama range north of Madrid.

Once in the Escorial you sense the austerity of Philip II's suite and the cold magnificence of the palace. Down in the vaults lie all the kings of Spain in black marble coffins labeled in gold. Alfonso XIII's sarcophagus is there, but his body is not inside. In the church itself, very near the main crucifix, José Antonio, young founder of the Falange shot by the Loyalists, lies buried. Politics have thus invaded the church — against the will of many.

Back of the Escorial, on a foothill, stands a huge new hotel, the Philip II, where the clientele are the new rich of Spain, lacking the culture of the old Spanish families and the dignity of the plain Spanish people. Germans, who form a considerable colony in Escorial, are sprinkled among them.

The reactions of a stranger to Spain depend largely on time. If you are there for a short while, you see the surface — and that surface is bright and calm. It is only after the passage of weeks that you become aware of the darkness and confusion underneath. And if you travel at all, you find out that the opposition to Franco's Madrid is not only perpendicular — from those beneath him — but horizontal. The east and west coasts — the Basque and Catalan — are in violent disagreement with the seat of state. Spain is, in fact, a country occupied by its own government. Under that occupation it has become weakened and corrupt. And until that occupation ends or is ended, Spain is bound to be an infection spot for the whole continent of Europe.

STALIN OUTWITS SHAW

BY RHEA G. CLYMAN

WHEN George Bernard Shaw and the Astors made their junket to Russia, in the summer of 1937, the Soviet Anti-Godless Society was still going strong. But Shaw, a newspaper man before he became the world's best known playwright, made certain that a satisfactory number of churches were still crowded with worshippers by slipping out and attending vespers as often as he could. Church visiting was not on the planned itinerary for the foreign guests, but Shaw contrived it by eluding his guides because, as he told this reporter, it helped him to recover from the lavish banquets tendered in his honor, and also from Lady Astor's ceaseless chatter.

At the interview with Stalin in the Kremlin, which climaxed the ten days' visit, Shaw mentioned his interest in churches. Then, in summing up his impressions, the Irish playwright made one of his witty jibes. "Mr. Stalin," he said, "as a Marxist I have nothing to criticize, but as a septua-

genarian I have two complaints. I have found your banquets too long and your church pews too short for comfort."

Stalin conceded that to a vegetarian and teetotaler like Mr. Shaw, Russian banquets might seem too long. But he could not understand the complaint about church pews. "We have no pews in Russian churches," he said. "Nor seats of any kind because Orthodox Russians want nothing except the bare stone floor to kneel on."

"No pews!" Shaw exclaimed. "But I found a seat in church last night, and it wasn't the bare floor, I am certain. What did I sit on then?"

"Mr. Shaw," Stalin said sternly, "you mistook a kneeling Russian for a seat. In the dim light of a church, that may have been possible. But don't make this mistake again. I don't like my people sat on, not by a foreigner at any rate."

And with this a very red-faced Mr. Shaw was dismissed.



DOWN TO EARTH

BY ALAN DEVOE

The Otter

JOHANNES JENSEN once said, "To go to the animals is to go home." It is an observation of profound truth, saying in nine words what is in fact the substance of scientific psychology, the substance of religious legends about Eden and a Golden Age, and the substance of all the passionate poetry that has welled from men who have watched, rapt and obscurely yearning, a mother fox lazing happily with her cubs at the den-site in the June sun, a white-tailed fawn lying dappled in a thicket, a deer-mouse scampering through the fallen leaves in intent pursuit of the tiny trail of one of its fellows.

To go to the animals is to go home. Obedient to their implanted impulses, innocent of crooked will, they show us ourselves as we primarily were, in that aboriginal estate for which the legendary symbol is a garden. The animals follow, in an unbreakable faith, the biddings lodged in them. Our own faith is not unbreakable; and long ago we broke it, and daily we break it still. Simple hunger, simple sexuality, acquiescence in every behest that subrationally instructs them . . . we watch the animals in these, their natural spontaneities and incorrupt instincts, and it is as though we looked far off to an ancient home-

land of our own race; and our heart melts.

It is moving to see animals in the free, fond exercise of any natural faculty. But particularly is it moving to see them responding to one natural bidding that we have especially, in dismal dignity, suppressed: the impulse of play. Play is a natural, native urge in every rabbit or fox or coon that was ever born. It pervades even the unheated blood of the fish in a country creek. But it is rare to find a spontaneous outburst of playfulness among vice-presidents of banks. It is not common that a statesman, stepping outdoors for a breath of the May morning, permits himself any such natural gesture of life-affirmation as a high kick and a caracole and an exuberant roll in the grass. Our impulse to play lies beaten down and buried in us. Because, in our secret depths of realization, we grieve the loss of that capacity for simple joyousness, there is ever a special enchantment for us — a poignantly wistful enchantment — in the animal called an otter.

An otter sums and symbolizes the spirit of natural play, as a fox symbolizes cunning, or a hawk symbolizes the clean predation of outdoors, or a flying squirrel symbolically represents

the silence and subtlety of the nocturnal. All animals play, of course. Cottontails interrupt their grassy browsings in the moonlight to play wild zigzag tags and leap over each other's backs. The deer prance and antic among the hemlocks. The fattest and most somnolent woodchuck is not insusceptible to gaiety when the sun rises over the midsummer meadow, and even skunks may engage, when the mood is on them, in a kind of bowing and bobbing that is like a natural dance. But the otter has a glee exceeding any of these.

II

The natural history of this furry player may be briefly set down. In adulthood a twenty-pound, long-bodied, short-legged animal, showing plainly its kinship with weasels but having webbed feet and a dense oily fur as equipments for aquatic life, the otter is a haunter of stream-sides. Its den is there: a hollow in the bank, like a muskrat's, with an entrance-tunnel having its mouth below the surface of the water, and an exit-tunnel coming out at the top of the bank where the inconspicuous orifice may be hidden by dead leaves. Here the two or three young, conceived in February, are born about mid-April. They are to live their whole lives in the water or the immediate vicinity of water; but, curiously, they are not instinctively swimmers or even natively willing to get wet. They must be coaxed and instructed. The mother must entice

them, or, more precisely, trick them. She lets them play over her and climb on her back, in a romping together by the water's edge; then she swims out from shore, bearing her cargo of babies; and then abruptly she withdraws her support and the cubs are left floundering and squeaking in the water. To interest the youngsters in the excellence of fish, which will be their chief food, she lays a captured trout or sucker before them, pawing and nosing it to make it move, trailing it invitingly before them. It is a performance very like the ritual in which a cat enlists her kittens' excited interest in a captured mouse.

Its initial training over, an otter quickly becomes an expert swimmer and a formidable fisherman. Twisting, turning, lunging, diving and arrowing through the water, it can swim so swiftly that a canoer can scarcely overtake it. It can swim submerged for hundreds of yards; it can roll over, or whip around in swift reversal of its course, with the effortless genius in its element that a hawk possesses in the medium of the air. An otter procures many of its fish by cornering them under the overhanging banks of the stream or similarly disadvantaging them; but it is competent to take them in the clear, open water, by sheer speed and skill. Slowly, gently, the otter floats and glides toward the trout it has marked. Its stubby forelegs paddle hardly perceptibly. Closer, closer, slow and suave . . . and then suddenly a taut curving of the lithe body, a plunging strike so quick as to

be only a blur of motion. The dark, sleek head is raised dripping from the water, and there is a trout gripped in the jaws.

During the summer and autumn the otter does not commonly travel far. While fishing is good, it takes many game fish, including salmon where those are available; but it is not dependent on such swift and difficult prey. The otter relishes crayfish, which it can comfortably find in muddy side-pools and under the flat stones. It makes a good meal of eels. Coon-wise, it takes fresh-water clams and cracks the shells and extracts the soft, sweet meat. An otter is restless, keyed to a

high, alert aliveness, scarcely ever immobile except in sleep; and like all wild animals in which the life-force is abounding and intense, it has a demanding appetite. When fishing is poor, the otter takes to the land and prowls for birds' eggs or wildfowl. In straits, it will eat frogs. Occasionally, hunger-driven, the otter sinuously stalks and pounces on a young beaver or a muskrat. Swimming submerged, it comes up subtly underneath the wild ducks resting on the surface of the water and seizes one and pulls it down.

In the winter, if its home-stream freezes fast, the otter undertakes long

*Otter**Frank Utpatel*

travels to get to waterways where there are open rapids. Its progress over the snow and ice is oddly like a kind of swimming. It runs a distance, hurling its body weasel-fashion, and then takes a spring and a slide. Flat on its belly, on the ice, it slithers forward, wriggling and hunching, in a long glide until the momentum of the leap has been exhausted. In soft snow, the otter's springs and slides often submerge it, so that it bores and twists through the drifts as through water, hunching forward, straightening and sliding, sculling with its thick, vigorous tail. Periodically it rears its head above the drifts, to remark its course, in the same gesture it often uses in the water . . . a gesture that has sometimes caused a company of otters, swimming in single file with the lead-otter rearing its wedge-shaped head above the surface, to be mistaken for the long undulant body of a sea-serpent.

In its winter waterways, the otter takes to a life under the ice. For long periods it may scarcely come to shore. Away from the open rapids, it contrives to breathe by sending its expelled breath in a bubble that ascends and lodges underneath the ice, is there purified, and is then re-breathed. An otter may bump along for great distances under the ice, nosing its air-bubble before it, studying the twilight water for a stir of prey.

That is the natural history of an otter. But it omits the most important ingredient. It omits what is the otter's special characteristic all its days: the

engagement constantly in gleeful play. Almost from the day an otter opens its eyes, it exuberates. The youngsters at the den-site wrestle, play games of tag, cuff and nip and disport themselves together by the hour. With advancing age there is no diminishing of merriment. The grown otters roll and plunge and cavort in the water in endless entertainment. They play with twigs, wood-chips, leaves, entranced as a small boy with a toy boat in a bathtub. And at every opportunity the task of fishing is put aside and the otters repair to that astonishing animal playground, their otter-slide.

An otter-slide is on a steeply sloping bank, preferably leading to the water's edge. An otter climbs to the top of the bank, turns, and comes scrabbling and tumbling down. A route through the grass and moss is cleared. Another otter climbs the embankment, slithers down over the same route, smoothing it further. In a little time the steep path has become a chute of smoothly slippery mud. It is a finished slide now, and ready for the otters' glorious amusement. An otter takes his place at the top of the slide, pushes himself in a vigorous take-off, and — flat on his furry belly, with his forelegs folded back — comes whizzing down the slide and plunges with a resounding splash into the water. Another otter follows. Eager otter succeeds otter, turn by turn, zooming deliriously down the slide, scrambling back up the bank to do it all over again. The game goes on and on.

It is not a seasonal or sexual thing. The otters play it in every time of year, on mud or on ice or on packed snow. It is done simply out of a bursting gladness. It is done simply because to a natural animal the fact of alive-

ness is an ecstatic fact, and it comes naturally and spontaneously to utter — by curvetting like a deer, or bounding like a hare, or whizzing down a mud-slide in a rare delight — the tumultuous exultancy of living.



TUNE OF ROCK

BY KAYE STARBIRD

AND if our first bright love was light as milkweed
Blowing, wind-fingered, over crisping meadows,
Transient as fire that spatters gold and amber,
Intangible as shadows . . .

Let us not once regret the swaying fire,
The shadow that could never live for long.
The love we share today is firm as granite,
But it is granite quarried from a song.

HELP FOR ALCOHOLICS

BY EDWARD J. MCGOLDRICK, JR.

GO AHEAD," was Mayor La Guardia's decision. "It's something we need badly — every community does!"

I had entered the Mayor's office an hour before to decline an appointment in the New York City Corporation Counsel's Office, a post whose prestige and opportunities were not to be dismissed lightly by a young lawyer still in his thirties. I left that office with permission to set up a New York City Bureau of Alcoholic Therapy — the first municipal enterprise of its kind in the country. One month later, the Bureau began functioning from offices on the sixth floor of the Municipal Lodging House. Today, an independent unit within the Department of Welfare, it occupies its own three-story building in the Bronx — aptly named Bridge House by Mayor La Guardia. I am neither a doctor nor a psychiatrist; nor have I any inclination toward being a professional "reformer." Indeed, the very cornerstone of our Bureau is that no one can *make* an alcoholic stop drinking. *He*

does not need reformation, but information!

As a recovered alcoholic, I know all too well the false joys and the real torments that go with drinking. I know, too, the deceptions the alcoholic practises on himself; and I have tried the "cures" that do not cure.

My story starts with an incident that occurred when I was only fourteen. Trivial enough in itself, but relatively one of the most important experiences of my life, it furnished a "reason" for my early drinking.

While a dinner guest at the home of a friend, I had stumbled awkwardly in a white "social lie." I felt that the eyes of everyone at that long dinner table were fixed on me — that they were secretly laughing at me. I blushed as I found myself absolutely tongue-tied to explain my predicament.

The fear of blushing followed me through high school and into college. Much ado about nothing, you might say, but anyone who has had his own pet fear — of blushing, of high places,

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of deep water, of fire — can understand.

It was somewhere along the path of those unhappy years that I made the invariable discovery of all potential alcoholics — that liquor could put me at ease, no matter how small or great the issue to be faced. Liquor could set me free from an overpowering sense of shyness. But you must not imagine that alcoholism strikes men down like a bolt of lightning. It operates subtly and insidiously. I was twenty-seven before I matriculated at the hair-of-the-dog school and took that first morning drink to allay the pains of a hangover.

Medical science has long since demonstrated that alcoholism is a disease; as a non-medical man, I prefer to regard excessive drinking as an emotional disharmony — an ill-at-ease.

Far beyond the borderline of being a potential alcoholic, I had already reached that point from which there is never any return to moderate drinking, though it be no more than a glass of wine or beer. I had not yet learned that alcoholics are allergic to drink as other people are to certain foods, dust or flowers. There still lurked in the back of my mind the reservation that some day I could drink moderately and “handle it right.” So the merry-go-round continued with countless plunges off the wagon, alternating with “drying-out” spells followed by brief periods of comparative sobriety.

Finally, and with reluctance, I decided to enter a private sanitarium.

After weeks of treatment, I came out, only to “go off” again. The second and third such stays were for seven and eight months, respectively. Then followed a period at the Bellevue Alcoholic Ward, culminating with an eight weeks’ convalescence in Rockland State Hospital.

II

Determined to find out the reasons underlying my weakness, I became a patient of Dr. Menas Gregory, then head of Bellevue Hospital’s psychiatric division. It was during this association, while trying to cure myself, that I goaded Dr. Gregory into letting me help him with some of his other patients.

Office gossip carried the report that he had reached the end of his skill — and patience — with one chronic backslider, and had decided that nothing more could be done except to commit the man to a state institution. Although it was none of my business, I rushed in where angels would surely fear to tread, and in effect intimated to the doctor that he was making a mistake.

Irritated and amused, Dr. Gregory humored me. “All right, you take over the case.” So, with my heart in my mouth, I became the doctor and “treated” Mr. X. A short time after, astounding as it may seem, Dr. Gregory confessed that I accomplished more for Mr. X than he had. Subsequently, he allowed me to talk with other of his patients, encourag-

ing me to formulate some of my own theories about the causes of excessive drinking — rather than to follow blindly somebody else's hard and fast rules. These experiences confirmed my growing conviction that many alcoholics have more confidence in a person who has been through the mill and recovered than in one who has never actually undergone the experience personally.

As I worked with Dr. Gregory's patients and other alcoholics who had been referred to me, I began to see that most cases fall into a pattern. Certain weaknesses and faults cropped out constantly and I found myself repeating certain directions. Gradually these resolved into a series of "thought capsules," a form of mental diet or thought-provoking technique which underlies the Bureau's therapeutic treatments. They are not applied indiscriminately, but presented one or two at a time after talking with the individual to learn something of his personality and experiences. Intensive personal contact makes a man peculiarly sensitive to these constructive suggestions. They are never given as rules for memorizing, because I do not believe that repeating the capsules in the Coué manner will effect a cure. They are merely temporary props which the man *must consciously accept* as a jumping-off spot for his own self-analysis. They are only vehicles to help him realize that his ultimate goal is peace of mind in an active, industrious and constructive life.

I might, for example, make the suggestion: "I refuse to amuse others with my drinking escapades of the past. My abnormal drinking was pathetic, not funny. I know that frustration was the fundamental cause of it. I realize I was seeking to escape from the belief in my inability to express myself as I desired."

Another patient might come to understand that "regret and despair over yesterday's drinking will only make today a torment, and since tomorrow grows out of today, it will bear the image of today. I will avoid such manner of thinking as it is only living in a rut."

This "mental diet" is as applicable to the alcoholic on Park Avenue as to the man on the Bowery, because alcoholism is no respecter of persons. Education and culture are no barriers to its inroads; nor are poverty and illiteracy necessarily an open door. All alcoholics are brothers under the skin.

III

The Bureau is not connected with any private organization and is not a hospital, clinic or institution, but a home and a club. Its fourteen-room building provides temporary residence, the length of stay being determined by individual circumstances and needs. As soon as a man is "in condition," he is required to accept employment and seek quarters elsewhere. Thus Bridge House represents a truly pioneering effort.

When we first opened our doors, I set myself what looked like a hopeless task. From the Bowery, and from various Magistrates' Courts and jails, I selected 100 men who had hit the lowest levels. They had records of from fifteen to forty-eight years as chronic alcoholics, with from ten to eighty-three arrests. The public called these men "bums"; actually they came from all cultural levels—their numbers included doctors, lawyers, engineers, writers, salesmen and clergymen.

When they were psychologically and physically ready, we obtained employment for all of them. Obviously, a steady job is part of the therapy, for a man must replenish his wardrobe and lay away a reserve fund as a step toward building up his self-respect. But not *any* kind of job, for our ultimate aim is to restore men to their chosen trade, business or profession.

Of these 100 men, forty-three have not taken a single drink in the past year, thirty-five have had one fall from grace, sixteen have backslid twice—and six have had three relapses. But the important fact to note is that, despite the relapses, the typical prolonged drinking was eliminated, employment was not interrupted, and the men voluntarily contacted the Bureau for aid to overcome the desire to continue drinking.

After years of daily or periodic intoxication, the alcoholic is confronted, not so much with the *problem of drinking* as with the fearful

prospect of *living without drinking*. That is why the Bureau's therapy prescribes a *change-in-thought* process, which results in a normal perception of values previously distorted. It will steady the alcoholic with new confidence that a way of life is actually possible *without alcohol*.

Of course, when I first interview a client, I do not view him solely as an alcoholic. Alcoholism is only *part* of his problem. I am dealing with a social isolationist, a man without friends, employers, or sometimes family and home; a down-and-outer who needs to be pulled out of the quicksands of depression and remorse. And who can do this better than a recovered alcoholic, with whom the patient feels free to exchange confidences?

Although we do not treat women, we made an exception in the case of Frances M. Married at eighteen, a mother at twenty, she comes from a respectable middle-class family, all of whose members are respected and responsible people.

At twenty-four, after having fallen in with a bridge-playing cocktail set, Frances began drinking. She soon found it necessary to use alcohol mornings and evenings. About five years later, after repeated arguments with her husband and family, and after medical care had proved unavailing, a separation was agreed to with the custody of her child turned over to the father. From then on, her progress downhill accelerated. Finally, after eleven previous arrests for disorderly conduct, she was brought

before a magistrate who believed in the possibility of rehabilitation, and who sought our aid.

After many interviews, we discovered that Frances, a rather plain girl, had a handsome husband—a man very attractive to women. Brooding over this, she had begun to drink because alcohol made her temporarily forget her cosmetic defects. We impressed on her the thought capsule: *drinking never solved a problem . . . it only makes matters worse*—and not only did it make her feel worse, it made her *look* worse.

We assisted her in finding employment and located her in a small furnished room. She has been seeing us twice weekly and has demonstrated a new sense of responsibility in her job. After eleven months of complete sobriety, she has regained her health and has a new outlook on life—so much so that a reconciliation with her husband and child is taking place at this very moment.

In the case of William D., a business executive with an enviable reputation, physicians warned him that he was headed for the rocks if he kept on drinking. He retorted that he “had to drink to keep in high gear.” Nothing could be done but wait for him at the bottom of the toboggan slide.

When he arrived he couldn’t understand it. Escaping anything? Not he. “I just had to keep up the steam until my boiler burst,” he explained. Now he wanted help, and badly. Not the usual clothes, food and lodging, but a restoration of the old confidence he

felt was unattainable without alcohol.

The seat of his trouble was found far back in college days when a dynamic part of him expressed itself during mild intoxication. He believed afterwards that the fluent part of his personality was “lazy” unless given an alcoholic kick.

“It’s clear now,” he conceded when he had achieved the desired *change-in-thought* process, “that I was trying to duck doing things the hard way, where with a little practice I could have made it a natural habit.” He had been “eased out” by his firm’s board of directors when the crack-up came. Now he is back at his old post again.

IV

Both before and since I undertook alcoholic therapy as a career, countless experiences such as these have shown me that men and women alcoholics drink because of frustration and a longing for emotional escape. Still, there are untold numbers of variations. Drinking is not only a refuge from disappointment and catastrophe; it grows out of a desire to celebrate, to clinch a deal, to perform a job less laboriously, to accomplish a social or sexual objective, to overcome an inability for desired expression. Many alcoholics are neurotics who find adjustment to the everyday world a dull task; others are the more moderate drinkers who, glass in hand, thought they had discovered a short cut through certain difficulties.

Occasionally some drinker will

emerge by his own efforts into a permanently sober status, while another may straighten out with the help of a friend, a clergyman, or a loved one who has the right understanding of the task. The great majority, however, have a horror of aims that would dry them up forever and will respond only to the example of another alcoholic.

That is why I believe that the director of a Bureau of Alcoholic Therapy should himself be a recovered alcoholic. Of course, the mere fact that he is a recovered alcoholic does not of itself qualify him. He must have had actual contact with alcoholics from all levels of society; he must understand the psychology of the homeless man and the prison inmate. Adequate educational background, tact and "horse-sense" are other vital requisites. But above all, the director must have an actual love of his work and human nature. His is an around-the-clock responsibility, and no paycheck-grabber can be successful.

In the last analysis, the technique of the therapist can never be reduced to a mathematical formula, but a man with the necessary qualifications can be trained in three months if willing to devote his full time to the task. Certainly any person desirous of helping the alcoholic must have, above all else, a mind open to new ideas and new methods which may prove themselves practicable. As always, danger lies in the complacent viewpoint that any *one* method or technique holds

the complete answer for the alcoholic.

Now that the Bureau is running full tilt, the problem of selection becomes more acute daily. In the past eighteen months we have "processed" approximately 400, and have sifted out 175 of these for active treatment. Considering our limited staff of three people, and the fact that we never mark a case "closed," this represents capacity. I do not believe that alcoholism can be treated successfully on a mass-production basis — that is why we maintain an intensely personal therapy. We select cases referred to us by the Department of Welfare, the Magistrates' Courts and their Probation Departments, the New York City Parole Commission, the Department of Correction and the Department of Hospitals. Obviously we cannot accept alcoholics with psychoses, since these are considered medical cases. Clients are chosen (1) because of their sincere wish to break the vicious habit of excessive drinking; (2) their willingness to co-operate with us voluntarily; (3) their ultimate employability. The figures for our clientele as a whole are in the same proportion as those for our 100 most desperate cases.

The Bureau has received queries from all over the country asking if similar bureaus could be set up anywhere. The answer is emphatically *yes*. Naturally an invariable and uniform procedure cannot be followed in all municipalities because of the differences in local laws and administrative set-ups, but the basic principles could be maintained anywhere.

GENERAL McCLURE'S NEWSBOYS

BY FREDERIC SONDERN, JR.

PSYCHOLOGICAL warfare has come a long way since the Royal Air Force, five years ago, dropped the first clumsily written leaflets into Germany. Despite difficulties and even derision from many high military quarters, American and British propaganda experts have developed their technique into an extremely powerful weapon. Goebbels repeatedly warns German soldiers and civilians against it. Himmler a few months ago decreed the death penalty for people caught reading our literature.

Allied field commanders have come to realize that the Psychological Warfare Division's seemingly innocuous scraps of paper and radio programs have saved many of their men's lives. They will save many more as the battle of Europe enters its final phases and the Third Reich itself starts to crack.

It was Goebbels who first fully realized the military power of propaganda. But American Brigadier General Robert A. McClure, from his desk in headquarters of the Psychological Warfare Division of SHAEF,

controls an organization which has far outstripped its German counterpart. Its staff of experts, half American and half British, is drawn from the Office of War Information, the Office of Strategic Services and various British agencies.

Day and night, from centrally located airfields the "newsboys" of PWD roar out over Germany on their "paper run." These are bombers of Bomb Squadron Eight of the United States Air Force and a similar Royal Air Force unit. Each plane carries six ingeniously designed containers which look like bombs but burst open before they reach the ground, showering three or four square miles with 80,000 leaflets. The newsboys can pinpoint a target as small as a crossroad or factory, and they have objectives as specific as those of Fortress squadrons carrying high explosives.

In fact, over Berlin and other cities the newsboys often follow the bombers and drop leaflets about the collapse of the Luftwaffe which should have prevented the raid. They deeply impress Berliners with the blazing evidence of their truth.

FREDERIC SONDERN, JR., was formerly chief European correspondent for McClure's Syndicate. His articles on world affairs have been published in leading periodicals.

In a recent operation against one of the Channel ports, machine guns, bazookas and supporting artillery had been pouring a withering fire into a German strongpoint for hours. "I don't think the Krauts have enough sense to quit," mourned a tired gunner. "Shall we let 'em have some more, sir?" His captain looked at his wrist-watch. "Those leaflets ought to have come down by now," he replied. "Let's wait and see what happens." Fifteen minutes later, a white flag appeared, followed by dazed, straggling Germans waving "surrender passes" that we had dropped.

II

Behind the newsboys' missions lie very specific purposes — some tactical, some strategic. Daily our Intelligence units all along the German front report their observations and information gathered from war prisoners. These reports are sifted, evaluated and passed on to central command. Then psychological warfare experts probe them for gaps in German morale. In every Army sector PWD has its own Intelligence officers who examine war prisoners with special attention to their impression of conditions at home and their reaction to propaganda. All this gives a detailed picture of the German state of mind. Whenever a German Army unit is found especially disaffected, or a particular area is reported to be grumbling over heavy bomb damage, this "impulse," as PWD men call it, puts

the pamphleteers and radiomen to work.

PWD material is written by experts picked not merely for their intimate knowledge of European languages but for their understanding of national and sectional differences. They know the trick of appealing to German soldiers in the jargon of the German front line. A broadcast beamed at an Austrian city is quite different from the harsher Prussianized program aimed at Berlin.

During the Cherbourg campaign, for example, PWD discovered that an important position was being held by Poles who had been drafted into the German Army. Within a few hours the newsboys were plastering those units with a leaflet written in excellent Polish, explaining the hopelessness of their position and appealing to their national loyalty. The Poles deserted in droves.

Truthfulness and a scrupulous attention to detail are the basis of the PWD's success. Battle reports, war maps and explanations of political events, in a miniature newspaper which periodically flutters down on the German lines, are wholly accurate. When the retreating German soldiers in a certain sector are told that they will be severely air-raided unless they surrender, they are bombed — hard. An American officer quoted a Nazi war prisoner to me: "We didn't believe any of it at first. Then we began to see with our own eyes that no way out had been prepared for us. The leaflets made sense from then on."

The newsboys bombed Normandy with 48,000,000 leaflets. And Intelligence officers with the ground forces learned from war prisoners that 77 per cent of them had read the PWD material. Over half said they had believed it.

Early in the war, McClure, chief of what was then called the Psychological Warfare Branch, located in Algiers, discovered that even the *Afrika Korps* responded to his literature. General Alexander requested an intensive, five-day leaflet barrage on the Germans and Italians retreating northward from Sfax. And after the battle of El Guettar, Allied Intelligence discovered from war prisoners how effective it had been. Captured Germans rated the leaflets one of four main psychological elements in the Tunis collapse. After North Africa, McClure's handful — who formerly had to beg and borrow typewriters, supplies and radio facilities — grew into a powerful organization of linguists, pressmen, cartoonists, printers and radio technicians.

III

There were great technical difficulties, however. It was very hard to make small sheets of paper fall where they wanted them to. Both British and American bomber forces were reluctant to risk their planes in flying low missions which they considered useless. So the bored bombardiers at 20,000 feet dumped bundles which were supposed to come apart not too

far above the target. They generally broke apart in the slipstream, and wind currents flew the leaflets many miles from their objective. Material designed for Italy landed in Sicily. Sheets intended for Paris were picked up on the English coast.

But by the spring of 1944, McClure was ready for business in the European invasion with an entirely new technique. Captain James L. Munroe, a modest ordnance expert of the United States Tactical Air Force, had designed and perfected a leaflet bomb which is now named after him. Munroe made the missiles out of heavy cardboard containers in which large incendiary bombs are shipped. An instrument constructed on the principle of the altimeter trips a detonator at any altitude for which it is adjusted. This sets off an ordinary fuse cord running around the inside of the container. The cord burns violently, cutting the container in half, and the leaflets are released.

Meanwhile a squadron of Flying Fortresses — the veteran 422nd of the Eighth U. S. Air Force — had been converted from daylight to night operation. The kids were none too happy about dropping paper instead of bombs. Even the ground crews worried about the inevitable kidding they would get. Their first big tactical job began on D-Day. PWD's part in the invasion was as carefully planned as the landings themselves. The newsboys were out in force with the first waves of troop transports and bombers. Their leaflets

warned the French population to evacuate the combat areas and asked them to protect our parachutists and help their own underground forces.

To the Germans other leaflets proclaimed: "You are designed to be a living mine field — to delay us at the cost of your lives. The Wehrmacht has figured on the loss of the coastal divisions. You are not to be relieved."

Later the leaflets became more specific. One dropped in Cherbourg was addressed to "Soldiers of the 709th, 243rd and 77th Infantry Divisions." "Cherbourg is encircled," it said. "No one can get out. You can't save the situation but you can save your own lives. Whoever surrenders to Allied troops will be decently treated." Next the Cherbourg defenders received a news sheet explaining with illustrated maps and pictures the over-all plan of the Allied campaign — how and where American and British troops had landed and cut off the peninsula. "We will take your positions anyway," the Germans were told. "It is up to you to decide now whether we find you dead or alive."

IV

As the battlefield widened, PWD added new weapons to its arsenal. Teams of highly trained officers were sent to each sector, in specially designed trucks, with their own printing presses and type-setters. Within an hour after a German position has been pinched off, the men have leaflets ready. These are sent to our artillery

bombarding that position and packed into leaflet shells, or to a nearby airfield.

Younger Germans, particularly, believe that we torture and shoot prisoners on the slightest provocation. I saw one young Nazi who announced that he was awaiting the "Negro whipping squad." His commanding officer had told him we have the most loyal Nazis beaten to death by Negroes. To the American line came three excited Germans, each clutching a corner of the same leaflet; they thought it guaranteed safe conduct only to the man who actually had it in his possession.

That is the kind of "impulse" on which PWD immediately goes to work. The newsboys bomb all lines with a leaflet pictorially illustrating the progress of a German prisoner from the time he is captured until he is on his way across the Atlantic. The *Internenbanner* — a miniature newspaper dropped by PWD — ran an article series detailing the treatment, housing and food we give prisoners. "It looks like a damned travel folder to me," said a rather incensed American infantry officer. But the "travel folders" do their work. German prisoners are constantly asking whether they will be allowed to stay in the United States after the war.

Before D-Day the main problem of the PWD was to bolster the faith of people in occupied countries in the coming of the Allied forces and to keep up the spirits of resistance movements. Newspapers in various lan-

guages were prepared which the newsboys scattered regularly by the millions. "They were a godsend to us," one Frenchman told me. "Four years is a long time. It often seemed as though the invasion was never coming. Then another American or British paper would arrive, and we felt we could go on again."

V

With five years of know-how behind it, PWD is now concentrating its barrage on the Reich itself, in the greatest propaganda struggle of all time. The strongest group of potential troublemakers for Hitler's Government is the foreign workers, who form one-third of the entire male adult population — young, energetic Frenchmen, Dutch and Belgians. The British Broadcasting Corporation and the Office of War Information's "American broadcasting station in Europe" are beaming special programs to them, and the newsboys supplement these with leaflets dropped over the Rhineland, Ruhr and other industrial centers.

The workers are told to get away from production centers and traffic lines and hide in the country until it is overrun by Allied troops. If that is impossible they should help with passive resistance, slowdowns and sabotage. They get specific instruc-

tions on how to hide radios and conceal airdrops; what rumors to pass on to German workers; notes on Gestapo operation; the technique of organizing resistance cells in factories.

All through Germany are soft spots where PWD applies the needle. With increasing hunger and lack of fuel, the resentment of the little man toward party potentates, who still maintain themselves in comparative comfort, continues to rise. One PWD radio program intersperses an attractive musical program with specific examples of this. "When Gauleiter Blank's house was burgled recently, the criminals found large stocks of meat and canned goods of all kinds. The food was returned to the Gauleiter. The burglars were caught and executed." The incidents used are true and they fall painfully on German sensibilities.

The siege of Aachen furnished a preview of PWD's part in the invasion of Germany itself. Before the lethal American barrage began, shell and bomb leaflets went down, telling the inhabitants what they had to expect and urging them to surrender. The effect was immediate. All over the town white sheets appeared, hung from the windows despite the efforts of the Gestapo.

When the final score is added up, PWD will be found to have played a top position on the winning team.



THE BATTLE AGAINST DISEASE

BY LOUIS I. DUBLIN

THE last four decades have brought a revolution in the nation's health. Not only have discoveries revealed the causes of many diseases and the way they spread but such knowledge has been applied on a huge scale. Laboratories have sprung up widely to make the work of the practicing physician much more effective. Hospitals and clinics have been greatly improved and increased in number. As a result, medical practice has risen to higher levels. At the same time, comparable developments have taken place in public health. Specialists in disease prevention have explored new fields, have become increasingly effective, and have found a place for themselves in the mechanism of government.

Thanks to these efforts, coupled with the extraordinary improvement in economic and social conditions and in public education, the health of the nation is today very different from what it was a generation or two ago. About seventeen years have been added to the average length of life since the beginning of the century. The human values conserved are enor-

mous. They show themselves in a better life and a far greater productivity by the rank and file of our people.

Such is our progress in its broadest outlines. This achievement, however, is a composite of many parts. A little is accomplished here and a little there. Often these gains are slight in themselves; but over a span of forty years they accumulate and reach a magnificent total. It should be an interesting excursion to follow the course of this progress in a group of the more important diseases. While some resist tenaciously, or even regress, others have responded very favorably. The chart on page 239 shows what has been achieved and what remains to be done.

The most successful of the medical and public health campaigns, in the United States as elsewhere, has been that directed against tuberculosis. At the beginning of the century, this disease was the first cause of death as it was also the leading cause of disability and poverty. Scarcely a family was free from it. The concerted effort of the medical and public health professions and, in fact, of the army of men and women engaged in social

LOUIS I. DUBLIN is on leave from his position as vice-president and statistician of Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, to be assistant to the chairman of the American Red Cross Central Committee. His most recent book on population is *A Family of Thirty Million*.

work, has resulted in bringing this disease to eighth place in the mortality list. The secret of success lay in the effective organization of the campaign. Official and voluntary health agencies have made the people aware of the nature of the disease; and they have provided centers for diagnosis and for treatment in sanatoria and hospitals. Over a hundred thousand patients with tuberculosis are now admitted to such institutions each year. The large numbers that are returned to their homes with their disease arrested, and the separation of the sick from the well over considerable periods have broken the chain of infection. Today, the death rate is about a fifth of what it was forty years ago. In about a quarter of our forty-eight states, the disease is already a minor cause of death.

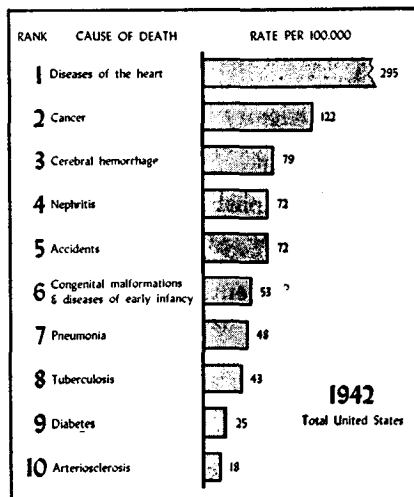
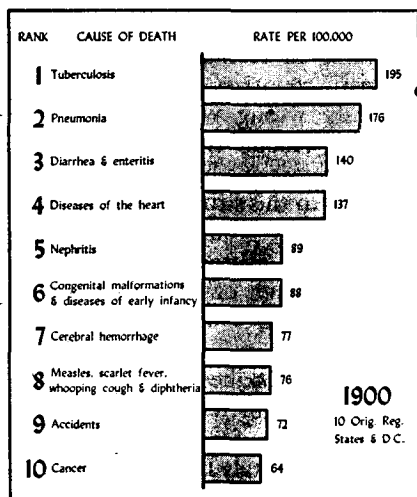
The virtual elimination of lung tuberculosis is a matter of time. I am convinced that we have both the knowledge and the facilities to clean up what remains of this condition. Concentrated effort is needed among a few special groups of our population. Tuberculosis is primarily a disease of poverty. If, for example, the Negroes, among whom tuberculosis is still a major affliction, could benefit from the medical services on equal terms with Whites, the effect on the national campaign would be enormous.

In most communities we have the necessary sanatorium facilities; we have the necessary medical skills; we must make these available to the people who need them most. In addition, we

must make a more intelligent attack on the economic rehabilitation of these sick people. All too often, the patients discharged from the sanatoria have gone back to their homes with no provision made for their placement in jobs suited to their physical condition and under proper medical supervision. Under these conditions, they frequently break down again within a year or two of their discharge and come back to the sanatoria in worse physical shape than before. The valuable effort spent on these tuberculous patients in sanatoria thus goes to waste. Experience here and abroad has shown us with striking clarity how patients discharged from sanatoria can be kept healthy and productive citizens. But we fail to make this a part of the general procedure for the reduction of tuberculosis in this country.

II

Forty years ago pneumonia, like tuberculosis, was a major cause of death. It was, in fact, second in the list. It still is a serious infection but the danger has largely been taken out of it. Thanks to improvement in treatment which has occurred especially in the last twenty years, it is now in seventh place in the list. The first important step was the discovery that there were many types of pneumonia and that each in varying degree responded to the use of a specific serum. The use of such serums helped bring the mortality down from 92.6 a 100,000 of population in 1925



Causes of death 1900 and 1942

82.0 a 100,000 of population in 1935. Then came the sulfa drugs which proved much more efficacious than the serums.

In the five-year period, 1937-1942, the death rate was reduced by about 50 per cent. The treatment of the disease has thus been very much changed in the course of the last two decades. Physicians are much more certain in their handling of patients because they can rely on specific drugs. To be sure, in recent years, a form of pneumonia caused by a virus has proved difficult to handle. But this type fortunately is not often fatal. Now we have the additional remedy of penicillin which holds out great promise of reducing mortality from non-virus pneumonia to a vanishing point. It is primarily for infants

and for old people that the disease now holds serious dangers.

Perhaps the most spectacular medical achievement of the last forty years, because of the large numbers involved, has been the control won over the diseases of early infancy and childhood. The first few years of life are the most hazardous. The chief difficulty in the past was infantile diarrhea. Modern sanitary measures have greatly mitigated this danger to childhood. The education of mothers in the care of infants, the pasteurization of milk, the safeguarding of water and food supplies, and the exclusion of the common house fly from the home, have saved the lives of millions of babies. Infant mortality has been reduced to about a third of what it was forty years ago and, as a

result, five and one-half years have been added to the average length of life in this country.

Another victory has been achieved over the communicable diseases of children in the toddler and early school ages. Diphtheria was a scourge forty years ago. Today, it is almost eliminated as a cause of death. The development of antitoxin and later of toxoid to immunize young children against the disease has brought this about. There are a number of large cities in the country which have not reported a single case of diphtheria for several years. We can say, therefore, that the occurrence of a death from diphtheria today represents almost criminal negligence on the part of some adult since the disease is both curable and preventable. Scarlet fever has likewise lost its virulence in our country and measles and whooping cough have become of minor consequence. Newly discovered measles immunity *gamma* globulin, at present a by-product of the blood donated by our citizens through the Red Cross, makes possible the practical elimination of that disease as a cause of death. Whooping cough also is declining in frequency and in fatality through the increasing use of protective vaccines.

An interesting counterpart has been the reduction in the mortality associated with maternity. For many years our country had the unenviable distinction of having one of the highest maternal mortality rates in the world. Seven mothers out of every thousand giving birth paid with their

lives. This was three times the rate prevailing in Holland and the Scandinavian countries. Something was obviously wrong with obstetrics in America. About twenty years ago, leading physicians began giving more attention to this situation, and studies were made by groups of them which disclosed the factors responsible. A broad campaign of education among physicians, nurses and mothers finally made its impress. The supervision of pregnancy by skilled personnel working out from maternity centers and the increasing transfer of confinements to hospitals have greatly lightened the hazards of maternity. During the last twelve years, the mortality rate has been reduced to about a third of what it was. Having a baby has become fairly safe for American mothers although much still remains to be improved in obstetrics.

III

There are other areas of medicine and public health which are not so brilliant and which still present a stirring challenge to the two professions and to the American public.

There is, for example, the mounting death toll from cancer. The curve representing the annual death rate from 1900 to 1943 looks something like a reversed chart of tuberculosis during the same period. This disease has become increasingly important, accounting at present for about 165,000 lives a year. It was tenth in the list at the beginning of the century;

it is second now. To be sure, the increase is not so bad as it looks. Many more cancer deaths are reported now than were in previous decades because doctors are better able to diagnose the condition accurately and because they report it more candidly in their statements of causes of death. Another item of great importance is the fact that our population has been growing older. The decline in the birth rate has given us a larger proportion of older people. The very improvement in the death rate from infections has also resulted in bringing large numbers of people into the later ages of life when cancer occurs.

Careful statistical analysis shows that the rise in cancer mortality has occurred almost entirely among men. Among women, it is only after age sixty-five that the increase has occurred. In general, cancer of the deep-seated organs, like the lower intestines and rectum, shows a rise in the death rate while those in the superficial locations, like the skin and mouth, exhibit improvement. It is encouraging to find that in the broad age period of thirty-five to fifty-four years, the death rate has definitely declined among females and has risen only slightly among males.

The fact is, however, that we have made very little progress in discovering the causes of cancer or in organizing ourselves effectively for the management of the large number of cases that we have in our country. Important contributions, to be sure, have been made in the laboratories.

Physicians and surgeons are becoming more skillful in diagnosis. The average patient today has a much better chance of having a correct diagnosis made and receiving good medical care. The principal difficulty is that still too few come to the attention of skilled physicians early enough to benefit from the treatments that are available. A great campaign of public education for early diagnosis and curative treatment with surgery, X-ray or radium must be developed side by side with increased fundamental research in the laboratory and organization of our medical facilities.

IV

Heart disease and its related conditions constitute, numerically, the first of the causes of death, at present. The death rate has more than doubled during the last forty years. Most of this increase undoubtedly has resulted from the increase in the proportion of older persons in the population, but there can be very little doubt that a part of the increase represents a definite rise in the actual incidence of heart disease. Here, too, is a relatively unexploited field of medicine which is crying out to be explored in the clinic and in the laboratory to discover why heart tissue and the related blood vessels and the kidneys break down. Recent investigations appear to show that the malfunction of the endocrine glands plays a part in the development of these degenerative diseases. It is entirely possible that in

the future the use of the proper hormone or glandular extract may be useful in the prevention of some of these deficiencies and of the diseases which result from them.

A striking illustration of the effective rôle of one of these hormones is presented by the recent history of diabetes. The outstanding medical discovery of insulin by the Canadians, Banting and Best and their associates, made available a pure hormone which has brought relief to hundreds of thousands of diabetics. Today, those who suffer from this condition need not break down and die from it. If properly treated, they can live out their expectation and keep productive very much like normal people. Yet in spite of this fact, the death toll from this disease has become larger in recent decades. Forty years ago, it was relatively infrequent; today, diabetes ranks among the important causes of death. More American white women die of it each year than from tuberculosis. Apparently, the conditions of life in our country are conducive to the development of the disease. This anomalous situation presents a direct challenge to the medical and public health professions. More and more, we must discover the presence of the disease early and utilize the remedies that are available. Possibly the best approach will be through teaching people the importance of diet and exercise in daily life and the value of an annual physical examination. In this way the frequency of diabetes and its mortality can be kept in check.

The venereal diseases still account for a large toll of disability even if the mortality does not appear to be of major importance. These conditions take on a heightened importance during wartime. Consequently, public attention is directed to them and this should help to bring about a more effective attack. What Sweden and Denmark have accomplished, we may possibly be able to do also. Syphilis and gonorrhea are highly communicable diseases and they must be handled by our health authorities very much as other communicable diseases are handled. On the one hand, they must be reported to our health authorities and on the other, those who are infected must receive treatment. The best opinion indicates that if the responsibility for treating these diseases was definitely assumed by the public health authorities, eradication could be accomplished in a reasonable time. The proved effectiveness of the sulfa drugs and of penicillin in gonorrhea and syphilis along with the new and promising rapid treatment methods for syphilis would enable us to wipe out these scourges once and for all.

What is so strikingly true of the treatment of the venereal diseases is applicable to a larger field of medical practice. An enormous step forward could be taken in raising the level of our public health if our medical services were organized in each community under more responsible leadership. The gains we have accomplished in the past have been largely the

result of the co-ordinated planning and efforts of physicians and public health workers. If we had allowed the control of tuberculosis, of typhoid fever, or of the diseases of childhood to depend entirely on the operations of individual doctors, very little would have been accomplished. But when practicing physicians, public health workers and the leaders of the community join together with the force

of government behind them, then their concerted attack proves effective. The future of the entire public health program is definitely dependent upon the degree to which this type of community effort, organized on a democratic basis, can be developed. Given the adoption of this program, I would look forward to a further sizable reduction in both sickness and mortality.



THE PRODIGALS

BY INEZ CLARK THORSON

IN self-aggrandizement man walks the earth,
Nor owns that earth is mother of all men,
Yet as each prodigal returns at last,
She folds him gently to her heart again.

THE LIBRARY

Brave Men

BY CHARLES ANGOFF

AMONG the hopeful things about contemporary American journalism are the wide popularity of Ernie Pyle and the recognition of his excellence, at long last, by the "serious" arbiters of literary taste. Some of these arbiters still speak of him with a bit of condescension, claiming that his pieces are merely "reporting of a special kind," very good, of course, but rather deficient in the understanding of "underlying forces." There is, indeed, much truth in this claim. Ernie Pyle does not understand "underlying forces," as the more intellectual journalists think they do. He is a more modest man. His reporting is really "of a special kind." He does not indulge in ideological acrobatics or hand out hunches as inside information. He only tries to tell us how millions of young Americans grapple with loneliness and despair and fear and intense heat and bitter cold and boredom and pain and death every minute of the day and night in every conceivable climate and environment on this planet. He does not write about these things "philosophically," as if he were above them; he writes about them personally, intimately, and he is not

ashamed or afraid to express his feelings.

*Brave Men*¹ is a collection of his Scripps-Howard columns from July 1943, when the Allies landed on Sicily, to the liberation of Paris thirteen months later. It is an even better book than his *Here Is Your War*, because it is even less "objective" and more "sentimental." Ernie Pyle can never forget that a dead soldier or sailor is not just a "casualty," but a colossal tragedy, a disgrace to creation, an enduring catastrophe to his family and friends. And he can never forget that every living soldier or sailor is not merely a serial number, a possible expendable, but someone who was sent off to war with heartbreak and dreadful foreboding. And in writing about soldiers and sailors from these standpoints he often displays more "understanding of underlying forces" than the political philosophers do.

Ernie Pyle was on a warship in the armada approaching the Sicilian shores:

The night before we sailed the crew listened as usual to the German propaganda radio program which featured Midge, the American girl turned Nazi, who was trying

¹ *Brave Men*, by Ernie Pyle. \$3.00. Holt.

to scare them, disillusion them and depress them. As usual they laughed with amusement and scorn at her childishly treasonable talk.

In a vague and indirect way, I suppose, the privilege of listening to your enemy trying to undermine you — the very night before you go out to face him — expresses what we are fighting for.

Pyle's favorite fighting men are the common front-line soldiers, "the fabulous infantry." His most moving pages are devoted to them. Some of them make such stylists as Hemingway seem very poor stuff indeed. There is the magnificent section on the death of the beloved Captain Henry T. Waskow, of Belton, Texas, who "had a sincerity and a gentleness that made people want to be guided by him." A few specimen lines:

Dead men had been coming down the mountain all evening, lashed onto the backs of mules. They came lying belly-down across the wooden packsaddles, their heads hanging down on one side, bobbing up and down as the mules walked.

The Italian mule skimmers were afraid to walk beside dead men, so Americans had to lead the mules down that night. Even the Americans were reluctant to unlash and lift off the bodies when they got to the bottom, so an officer had to do it himself and ask others to help.

I don't know who that first one was. You feel small in the presence of dead men, and you don't ask silly questions . . .

The unburdened mules moved off to their olive grove. The men in the road seemed reluctant to leave. They stood around, and gradually I could sense them moving, one by one, close to Captain Waskow's body. Not so much to look, I think, as to say something in finality to him and to themselves. I stood close by and I could hear.

One soldier came and looked down, and he said out loud, "God damn it!"

That's all he said, and then he walked away.

Another one came, and he said, "God damn it to hell anyway!" He looked down for a few last moments and then turned and left . . .

Then a soldier came and bent over, and he too spoke to his dead captain, not in a whisper, but awfully tenderly, and he said, "I'm sorry, sir."

II

Pyle knows the soldiers as probably no other one man knows them. He seems to sense their every dream, yearning, dread. He knows what makes them laugh and suddenly grow somber. He knows what commands their respectful silence and what draws a gag out of them. He can describe them fully in a few words. "The men of Oklahoma are drawling and soft-spoken. They are not smart-alecks. Something of the purity of the soil seems to be in them. Even their cussing is simpler and more profound than the torrential obscenities of Eastern city men." Sgt. Buck Eversole's grammar "was the unschooled grammar of the plains and the soil. He used profanity, but never violently. Even in the familiarity of his own group his voice was always low. It was impossible to conceive of his doing anything dishonest. He was such a confirmed soldier . . . that he always said 'sir' to any stranger . . . Buck Eversole had no hatred for Germans, although he had killed many of them. He killed because he was trying to keep alive himself. The years rolled

over him and the war became his only world, and battle his only profession. He armored himself with a philosophy of accepting whatever might happen." Pfc. James Framis McClory "was crazy about apes" and was so loyal to his commanding officer that when "Captain Kennedy's mother was very ill, McClory took the last money he had and telegraphed home to his own parish to have a Mass said for the Captain's mother."

These men and the millions of other American soldiers and sailors, united by "the powerful fraternalism in this ghostly brotherhood of war," are less afraid "of the physical part of dying. That isn't the way it is. The emotion is rather one of almost desperate reluctance to give up the future." And what is the future for these men? It includes

things such as seeing the "old lady" again, of going to college . . . of holding on your knee just once your own kid whom you've never seen, of again being champion salesman of your territory, of driving a coal truck around the streets of Kansas City once more and, yes, even of just sitting in the sun once more in the south side of a house in New Mexico.

This sort of honest reporting has been absent from American journalism since our reporters decided that it was more important to write personal histories and philosophize on world affairs than to write simple, heart-felt accounts of how ordinary men and women manage to maintain their self-respect in this life. One hopes that Ernie Pyle's *Brave Men* will show these journalists the error of their ways.



(Continued from page 132)

PEABODY OF GROTON, *A Portrait*, by Frank D. Ashburn. \$5.00. Coward-McCann. A labor of love by a former student and a subsequent teacher. "Cotty" Peabody, "Last of the Puritans," attended Cheltenham College and Trinity College, Cambridge, spending all of his formative years in England. After a brief term in business he went to the Episcopal Theological School at Harvard and prepared for the ministry. A pastorate of about six months' duration in Tombstone, Arizona, was the only activity in the long life of "The Rector" outside of Groton. Endicott Peabody conceived, founded and carried out the idea of Groton School and for fifty-five years lived with and for this institution. The Headmaster duplicated, in the main, the ideas and ideals of the English Public School. With more than ample financial backing, from family and friends, he was able to carry out all his plans, and he impressed his character on the students of the school. The list of alumni in government and big business is notable: from the President of the United States to ambassadors, generals, admirals, bank presidents and heads of important publishing houses.

DEATH WAS OUR ESCORT, by Ernest G. Vetter, Lt. Comdr., U.S.N.R. \$3.00. Prentice-Hall. This book, the story of Lt. (j.g.) Edward T. Hamilton, U.S.N.R., should take its place permanently in the saga of the PT Boats. This is not just a war book, but a narration of high adventure joined to a wealth of descriptive detail that makes it rank high among the best travel books. New Guinea, its natives and their customs; the jungle, with its teeming insect-life; the sniper, in his defense and attack; the Jap, as jungle fighter and aviator; and, most of all, the PT Boat, will remain vivid memories for all who are fortunate enough to read this account. The fourteen-

(Continued on page 252)

THE OPEN FORUM

THE NEGRO PROBLEM

SIR: You are to be complimented on publishing Archibald Rutledge's article, "What If The South Should Be Right?"

Mr. Rutledge has stated the South's case so persuasively that even a Missouri Yankee must admit that its logic should be carried to the obvious conclusion. Since the Negro is incapable of taking part in government, has shown no improvement, does proper work only under compulsion, and is naturally servile, we must conclude, after some seventy years of experimentation, that emancipation was a mistake. The present caste system is, after all, a failure as a compromise between slavery and freedom. It has the effect of exciting the Negro and even making him less polite, as Mr. Rutledge points out. On the other hand, outright slavery has all of the advantages of caste without its disturbing influences.

The unimpeachable logic of Mr. Rutledge raises another issue that might well be considered when we repeal the Thirteenth Amendment. There are many white citizens to be found in this nation, even in South Carolina, who exhibit all of the *differences* (we must not say "inferiorities") of the Negro. They fail to keep appointments; they do not or cannot vote; they would be out of place in a legislature. Being possessed of these differences, there seems to be no reason why such white people should not be placed in the same caste and eventually enslaved along with the Negroes. The mechanics of the re-enslavement of the Negro presents no problem since identification is relatively easy. Picking out the white people who are to be enslaved is more difficult but not impossible. Fortunately, we find a high proportion of such people with different characteristics concentrated in particular regions of the country — notably in the South.

But one fault can be found with Mr. Rutledge's fine article. Like so many idealists, he fails to make concrete suggestions for action to implement his theories. We can only hope for a sequel to his article, in which he will outline a program for the enslavement of all "different" peoples.

RICHARD M. WEISS

Saint Louis, Mo.

SIR: The December issue of the *MERCURY* contained such an interesting discussion on the Negro question that I cannot refrain from making a few comments. Mr. Archibald Rutledge's article interested me most, since he expresses so eloquently the usually tacit attitude of the South. Mr. Rutledge, whose writings show him to be a kindly, sensitive man, starts on the assumption that the important thing is the welfare of the Negro; and by the time he ends he is driven to an attack on democracy, and bolsters that attack by quotations from Bismarck, the spokesman for Imperial Germany, and Burke, the staunch defender of royalty all over Europe at a time when, save for the intervention of Britain, every crown in that unhappy continent might have been toppled. This is not surprising. For democracy means not only the "Rule of the People" as a literal translation would have it, but also the "Rights of the People," and a man who champions privilege of one class over another in the South (even on the specious grounds of racial differences) cannot consistently stand for full emancipation of the lower classes anywhere in the country, even though their skin be white.

Probably unconsciously, Mr. Rutledge has presented only the facts of the case which seem to bear out his argument. For example, Mr. Rutledge states that "it is nowhere apparent that the Negro, as a race, has been especially helped by the laws passed presumably in his behalf, including the law giving him the right to vote —" or by foundations or even by the NSACP. Now of course Mr. Rutledge obviously feels that nothing really helps the Negro unless it fits in with his own somewhat feudal conception of what is good for the Negro; but the fact remains that in the states where the Negro is allowed to vote, the political power of their vote has enabled them to force concessions in the way of anti-discrimination laws and even a national FEPC. Perhaps Mr. Rutledge does not think that Fair Employment Practices are really, in the long run, good for Negroes. I can only say that to individual Negroes (as opposed to Mr. Rutledge's somewhat mystical conception of a Negro race) the FEPC has been a godsend. The same can be said for the

NSACP, which has been able to achieve much for Negroes. They have indeed improved the lot of Negro individuals, the only basis for measuring their benefits to Negroes "as a race."

A little later in his article, Mr. Rutledge cites Haiti's unfortunate political experience to prove that a mainly Negroid population has little political capacity. This type of citation of an isolated instance, any scientist will tell you, is indeterminate. By citing in the same fashion, I could prove that Latin Americans have no capacity for civil government, though they are predominantly white and, in the case of Argentina, almost pure white. Political ability is an effect of habituation and not of racial traits.

The fact of the matter is, first, Mr. Rutledge goes too far in imputing to the whole race character traits that he has observed only in various individuals; and second, most of such character traits that do undoubtedly exist in many, perhaps most, Negroes, are the result of training and upbringing (or the lack of them) and not racial derivation — because white men with a roughly equivalent background possess many of the same character traits. There are now a substantial number of well-educated Negroes — and there would be more if there were more chance for their success — who cannot be accused by any stretch of the truth of possessing these personal shortcomings. Even if I believed, as Mr. Rutledge palpably does, that these men are exceptions and their good qualities are due to white blood mixed in their veins (a doctrine that I consider absurd) still Mr. Rutledge's ideal system of a color-caste set-up would serve to bar them from positions their ability entitles them to. The color bar is just as strict for the "brown" race Mr. Rutledge speaks of as it is for the black race. Furthermore, it's well-known in the South that poor whites are often as shiftless, irresponsible, incompetent, and generally ne'er-do-well as the worst of the Negroes. This is no more a racial trait of the poor white than it is of the Negro. It comes mostly from lack of educational opportunity in youth. Slave labor, of whatever skin color, is always notably inefficient.

And as for Mr. Rutledge's concern over the loss of manners in the Negro because of the urgings of "politicians, starry-eyed altruists, propagandists, and pressure groups," that is really a laugh. The same complaint is normal among rich people about their white servants — that they don't "know their place" and that "they have no loyalty" when a better job opportunity comes along. The general paternalistic idea is that servants, Negroes, and the lower

classes generally should be in about the same relationship to their masters as dogs. As a matter of fact, however, we are speaking not of dogs but of human beings, whatever the color of their skin or whatever their economic circumstances.

I believe, with Mr. Rutledge, that our country, if a democracy, has always been a very limited one. But I do not believe, with Imperial Germany's Bismarck that "Democracy is government by the kindergarten," or with Royal England's Burke that "Pure democracy would be a wicked and a criminal thing." This country was founded, and our parents or grandparents came here, to get away from precisely that sort of thinking. I believe that it is time every American repudiated such obviously alien and un-American doctrines.

JOHN E. HARRY

Alma, Wis.

SIR: Your matched articles on "The Negro Problem" promised much from two very able and opposite representatives. But each did a very disappointing job. There is little thought and much threat by Mr. Schuyler. Mr. Rutledge discusses the problem with surprising superficiality.

Mr. Rutledge takes the typical line of the Southerner: "I'm a nice man and I really love the Negro." (It reminds me of that other typical line: "Why, some of my best friends are Jews!") Admitting gladly that Mr. Rutledge is a nice man, will he concede that plenty of Southerners are not nice; that some, in fact, are downright mean and cussed and cruel? And isn't it also conceivable, Mr. Rutledge, that many, many Negroes wouldn't want to be loved "in their place," even by a nice man?

Mr. Rutledge then devastatingly produces the old classic of the gold spoitons of the Reconstruction Era. And Haiti. . . . Please, Mr. Rutledge, just what could you have expected of recently-freed slaves, living under a terrific economic blight, and who had never been permitted the opportunity to gain any experience in self-government? Have white legislators never been guilty of equally silly measures? And how do the Germans stack up against the Haitians? We had to send some Marines to restore order in Haiti, yes. But we have had to send whole armies to restore Germany to a semblance of sanity. Between the two, and considering the difference in opportunities, it is my impression that the Haitians have done a vastly better job of self-government and progress than have the Germans.

Mr. Rutledge next says the Negro can trust the South because the South made no promises and therefore broke none. I think Mr. Rutledge

is wrong. When the South surrendered and was taken back into the Union, it was on the promise to obey the Constitution of the United States of America.

Mr. Rutledge says the Negro was happy in the South. Why, then, is he leaving? Why is he not returning? Happiness has many meanings. I do not believe even Mr. Rutledge's Negroes are happy under lynch law. And I do not therefore mean to imply that they are happy in Harlem.

True enough, as Mr. Rutledge says, the Negro in trouble in the South "invariably got a white man to help him out." In truth, Mr. Rutledge, to whom else could the Negro in the South appeal for help? If he had no white man to sponsor him, he was helpless before the law.

Mr. Rutledge also mentions that Northerners who make their homes in the South "always come to see the viewpoint of the South." Can you imagine a stranger in the South daring long to take any decided stand against the hot prejudice of his neighbors!

Give the Negro his chance, and he will make good. But he must first be given the chance; and too much cannot fairly be expected of him while he is learning. It took the whites a long time to get even as far as they have gone.

R. H. THRONB

Brooklyn, N. Y.

SIR: The Archibald Rutledge article in the December issue is infuriating to me who knows so well the barrier between black and white — soldiers and civilians — here. Maybe the "distinguished man of letters" can smooth away the problem in a few hundred words, but he does not have to stand in the rear of buses while front seats are empty, and watch while people step aside so black men can get to the rear. The emphasis here is on *down* and *back* for the Negro. He is no spiritual phenomenon singing *Deep River* under Mr. Rutledge's Spanish moss. He is no insipid character in a Rutledge plantation story. He is a black man who cannot eat in restaurants with white men; go to a hotel; buy in a good store; go to a state university; live in a pleasant or even decent section of town; go to movies by the front door; vote. Mr. Rutledge's republic idea amuses me. He represents about as much that is truly the South as Harriet Beecher Stowe. Anyone with so narrow a notion of what's going on in so complex and evil a separation, should not venture so far from his ivory tower.

T. B. BRUMBAUGH

Columbia, S. C.

SIR: I imagine that in the business of publishing a magazine it is quite necessary to get a number of varied viewpoints, especially on controversial subjects, to entertain your readers. In the December issue of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* under the title, "The Negro Problem Reaches a Crisis," I find two articles — one, "What If the South Should Be Right?" by Archibald Rutledge, whom you describe as an "outstanding Southern author," and the other, "More Race Riots Are Coming," written by George S. Schuyler, whom I know quite well.

Personally, I do not think either viewpoint did *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* very great credit. I do believe that Mr. Schuyler's article is too challenging in the light of the facts; that is, I must disagree with Mr. Schuyler's alarm over the possibility of race riots.

As for Mr. Rutledge, there is certainly nothing in his viewpoint to make him measure up to your idea that he is an "outstanding Southern author." His viewpoint is that of the usual line of patronizing Southerners who refer to Negroes as children or docile animals who need a certain amount of supervision and care in order that they may be "happy." Mr. Rutledge seems to have a mistaken idea about some Negroes wanting to be white and making a Negro a white man. Well, I am a Negro, and I certainly have no desire to be white; and, most assuredly, I would not want to be a narrow-minded white man like Mr. Rutledge.

Negroes in the United States of America are citizens of this country according to the Constitution; they are not asking for favors, but they *are* asking for justice; they are asking for their rights under that same Constitution, to say nothing about the ideals for which we are fighting in this war.

The fact should not be lost sight of that America's first war in which Negroes participated was a war based upon the theory that "Taxation without Representation" was unjust. Negroes are asked to pay taxes, to fight and die in every war in which this country has been engaged. They are working now on the homefront and are fighting on the battlefronts. The Negroes have earned their rights of citizenship, and for the benefit of Mr. Rutledge and his ilk, they are entitled to any other rights guaranteed to any other American living under the Constitution of the United States.

IRA F. LEWIS

President, *The Pittsburgh
Courier Publishing Company*

Pittsburgh, Pa.

DISEASES OF THE HEART

SIR: As a recovered heart disease patient I was very much interested in the fine article of Dr. Feldt in the December number. As a chemist I was shocked to read the following erroneous and misleading statement on page 712: "At the first sign of an attack the patient places under his tongue a tiny pill made from TNT."

TNT is the symbol for trinitrotoluene which is something quite different chemically than nitroglycerine. I trust nobody is going to make or use tiny pills of TNT for heart disease because this would prove to be a rather toxic substance.

Saint Louis, Mo.

JULES BEBIB

SIR: Mr. Bebie's letter is certainly in order. As always I checked and rechecked my manuscript, but somehow this discrepancy was overlooked. I hope the context of the paragraph will suggest to other careful readers that I actually meant that nitroglycerine, not trinitrotoluene (TNT), was a drug of value in coronary disease.

I have always been so taken by the paradox of an explosive chemical (nitroglycerine) bringing relief for pain that I suppose that is how the confusion developed. I might add that in prescribing nitroglycerine I always write the word out in full.

Be that as it may, the mistake in the article is inexcusable. I feel certain, however, that no harm will result. I think readers of the caliber of those who follow THE AMERICAN MERCURY are not likely to attempt to make their own pills.

Milwaukee, Wis.

ROBERT H. FELDT, M.D.

WAR TERMINOLOGY

SIR: It was a pleasure to read Sgt. Reisman's article in the November issue ("On Misusing Words"), for it is a pet peeve of the men in service to note the misuse of military terminology.

However, as an Army man, I believe Sgt. Reisman is being influenced by his own Marine terminology when he says members of tank crews are not to be called "tankers." Within the Army, the tank crews themselves prefer to be called by that name, rather than "troopers."

Regarding the use of the word "jeep" to refer to the quarter-ton—in the Army the real "jeep" is no longer used, and the quarter-ton is now semi-officially called the "jeep." The Army's newest pamphlet, known as War Department Pamphlet, 21-13, dated August 10, 1944, and

replacing the old Field Manual 21-100 (Soldiers' Handbook), states that a "jeep" is a quarter-ton, 4x4 (reconnaissance) truck (formerly the "peep").
Fort Sill, Okla. LIEUT., FIELD ARTILLERY

THE UNEARTHLY CAT

SIR: Though admirably contrived from a poetic or rhetorical point of view, what inaccuracies, what unscientific trash Miss Wainwright utters throughout her excursion into the Edgar Allan Poe world of fantasy! All that stuff about that mysterious Something which a cat sees in the darkness while a human tries to hold its attention—ridiculous. I have seen dogs behave the same way innumerable times, and distraught humans with thoughts far distant from immediate physical location are not exactly rare, either.

I accept authentic scientific opinion that cats are not generally as intelligent as the great apes, horses, elephants or dogs, but it is mere fancy to disguise this relative stupidity under the labels either of fine aloofness or fiendishness.

Moreover, Miss Wainwright errs in her simpler observations about cats. She describes them as coldly alien, unlike friendly dogs and horses. Allowing for their mental incapacity to practise friendship with people the same way as is possible with dogs and horses, many cats are demonstrably quite as companionable pets as are any of their mental superiors.

Miss Wainwright describes the cat's eating habits as different from the dog's in that the latter eat their food as though apprehensive of interruption, whereas the imperturbable cat dines with calm assurance. I wonder how many alley cats Miss Wainwright has ever watched eating?

Neither is it so that the cat's childhood is dedicated to schooling for the art of killing rather than to playing. For all his innate wildness, even in killing, the cat is more interested in playing. Now, cats are accused of being the worst of sadists in the way they go about killing mice, but it is significant that they play with inanimate things in the same way they play with mice, and I defy anybody to prove that a cat is imaginative enough to think he perceives delightful mouse-like suffering in the leaf he chases, or in his own tail which he chases. Sadism is more than likely our own exclusive human property.

J. G.

Albany, N. Y.

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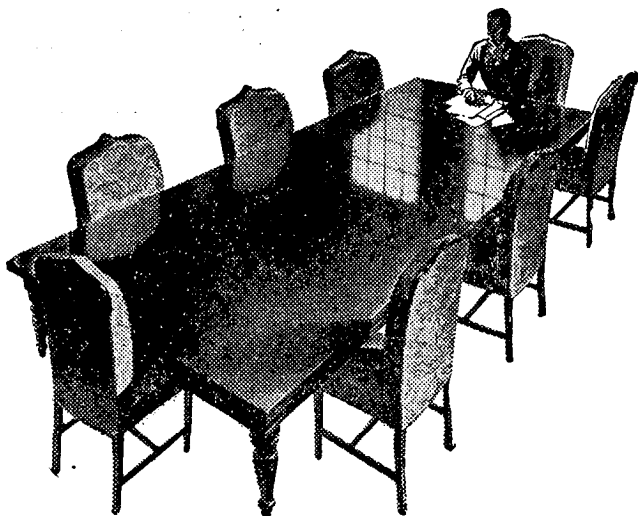
(Continued from page 246)

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BRIDE IN THE SOLOMONS, by Osa Johnson. \$3.00. *Houghton Mifflin*. With the Solomons, Guadalcanal and Bougainville having become household words in many families in the United States, Mrs. Johnson has done a favor to many a service man and woman by publishing this account of her explorations with her late husband, Martin Johnson. For the arm-chair traveler it is a perfect book, giving minute descriptions of the natives, the fauna and flora, the history and geography of the islands, along with eight sections of splendid photographs, which cover most of the characters and places that have a part in the narrative. The Johnsons set themselves a hazardous task—to film the cannibals of the Solomons and to bring back photographic evidence of their cannibalism. Mrs. Johnson gives us the successful results of this quest along with other equally astounding facts, such as: tree-climbing fish; cat-sized rats; orchids for the picking; and countless other wonders, all fully vouched for and documented.

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(Continued on page 254)



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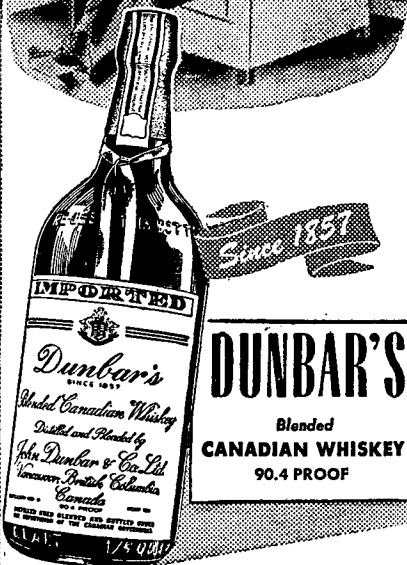
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(Continued from page 252)

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A CATHEDRAL, by Robert Gordon Anderson. \$4.00. *Longmans, Green*. "No life begins with its actual birth or ends with its death, but is with its ancestors and descendants part of a continuing life sequence." This is the spirit in which Mr. Anderson recounts the "life story" of Notre Dame of Paris. For him, it is not a body of stone, metal and glass, but an organism infused with the *elan vital* that has carried the history of mankind to its noblest moments of creative energy and aspiration.

FICTION

THE GREEN YEARS, by A. J. Cronin. \$2.50. *Little, Brown*. This is the story of an orphaned boy living with his mother's family in a small Scottish town before the last war. He is a sensitive child with a craving for learning and beauty, but he is lost and unhappy in the Sanitary Inspector's penny-pinching household. His only ally is his great grandfather, old Cadger Gow, the irresponsible and still amorous non-conformist, object of ridicule and scorn to the rest of the family. The Cadger is a magnificent and memorable character. In his haphazard way he understands young Robert and helps him through the growing pains of school, religion and first love. This is one of Cronin's best novels — his simplest in outline, but most mature in realization.

ROAD TO THE OCEAN, by Leonid Leonov. \$3.00. *L. B. Fischer*. American readers unfamiliar with recent Soviet literature will find this novel doubly interesting. Symptomatic of the era which produced it, the book reflects not only modern Russian history but the people who made it. The picture is dreary, the interpolated fantasy of "Ocean," world city of the future, is sardonic and horrifying, yet the whole adds up to a novel with a powerful impact, not without faults of style, perhaps, yet demonstrating Leonov's as a vivid and important talent.

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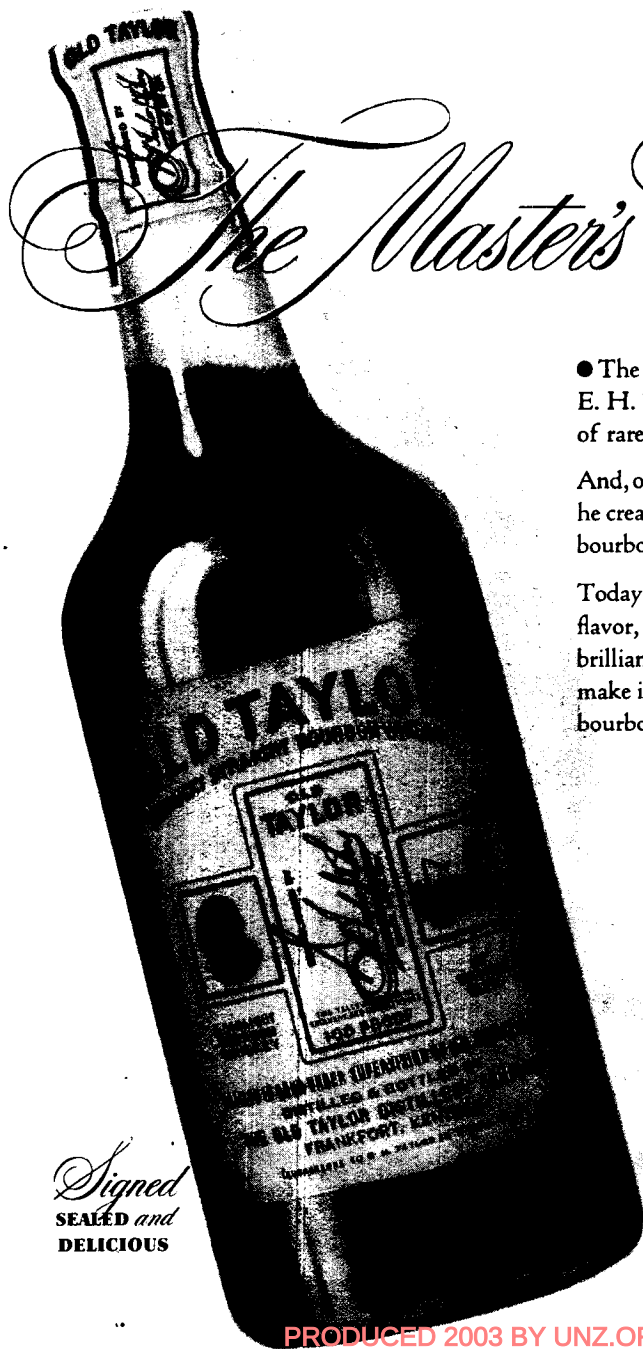
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